PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 6 1939

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVIII. No. 443 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 265
AUGUST, 1938—AUGUST, 1939 267
A PLACE CALLED CARRADALE. By G. D. H. Cole . 268
THE MEN OF MUNICH. By Robert Dell . . 269
A LONDON DIARY 270
THIS ENGLAND 272
NOTES ON THE OSTMARK 272
THE TRUSTEE. By Sagittarius 273
LOVE OF MONEY. By Y. Y. 273
COUNTRY NOTES. By V. Sackville-West . . . 274
COMPLAINTS AGAINST LADY NOVELISTS. By C. E. M. Joad 275
RILKE. By George Barker 276
THE PROMENADES. By W. J. Turner . . . 276
THE MOVIES. By Anthony West 277
PEACE AND WAR AIMS, 1939: Letters from H. N. Brailsford; Pat Sloan; Harry Pollitt and Sir Arnold Wilson 278
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . Page 280
From John J. Dunne; Henry Harrison; David Freeman; M.; John D. Bates; John S. Peet; Herbert van Thal.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By E. M. Forster . . . 282
REVIEWS:
The Second Thoughts of President Wilson. By R. H. S. Crossman 283
The Struggle for Democracy. By Philip Henderson 284
Explain That Joke. By G. W. Stonier . . 286
Population and Progress—India. By T. H. Marshall 286
They Will Live Again. By John Lehmann . 287
South of the Clouds. By Peter Quennell . . 288
Five Poets 289
SHORTER NOTICES 289
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James . . 290
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 290
CROSSWORD 292
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 294

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WHILE the Danzig situation is methodically worked up to the crisis demanded by Nazi policy, a belated discussion of the basis for a permanent European settlement has begun. In its leading article of Wednesday, the *Times* took up our demand for a positive peace policy; and we are glad to note that among the conditions of settlement the *Times* included the liberation of the Czechs and a new conception of freedom for colonial "possessions." Another suggestion of the *Times* with which we agree is that "it is for the peace Powers to formulate in good time the basis of a possible discussion." In good time! The Peace Front was only a pretence or a war alliance unless the Russian pact was completed and the principles and policy for which it stood proclaimed from the first. Ever since March 15th—and long before it—we have consistently urged that this country should confer with France, Russia, and the other members of the Peace Front and agree upon a common programme of action. Even though it comes at this eleventh hour, we welcome the conversion of the chief organ of appeasement to this view.

Hitler's Plans

Complete victory without war is still hoped for at Berchtesgaden—though there is perhaps less confidence now than there was a week ago. From an unusually reliable German source we learn that Hitler has been persuaded by the reports of Herr Wohltat and the arguments of Count Ciano to defer the conquest of the Corridor and to content himself this autumn with a "peaceful settlement" of the Danzig question. Impressed by the scale of British rearmament and the military conversations in Moscow, he has decided to avoid a direct challenge to the Peace Front. By this tactical retreat, he hopes to give it time to disintegrate as quickly as it has been assembled. The reasons for his optimism seem to be these. In the first place any peaceful settlement in Danzig will be a moral defeat for Poland and vastly weaken the resistance not only of the Poles, but of Rumania, Jugoslavia and, above all, Hungary. An agreement, which may in London be regarded as "saving face" all round, will be viewed in the Balkans as a second Munich. In the second place, Hitler is confident that Poland can only stand the strain of permanent mobilisation for a few more months, and the reluctance of the British Treasury to meet Polish financial demands confirms his belief that

Mr. Chamberlain regards his eastern guarantees merely as a reinsurance of his appeasement policy. In the third place, he is banking on the social effects of rearmament finance which, in his opinion, will turn the Western democracies into virtually Fascist states, possibly more amenable to Fascist "reason" and more reluctant to co-operate with the U.S.S.R. How far these plans of Hitler can be realised we cannot guess. The journeys of the League Commissioner for Danzig looked like "Runcimanade" and the activities of the Pope continue. But it is at least dubious whether a second Munich can be achieved. Polish patriotism is intense, and though Colonel Beck's regime cannot hope to survive a war, it will also be threatened by a diplomatic defeat. In these circumstances it may not dare to be defeated.

Hungary Prepares for the Worst

Nowhere is the anti-Nazi feeling, which has swept over Eastern Europe, stronger than in Hungary, which realises that its complete *Gleichschaltung* is necessary for the encirclement of Poland and attack on Rumania. While the Nazis are fortifying the frontier between Slovakia and Hungary, the Hungarians are strengthening their Austrian frontier, and lamenting, according to one report, the regiment which marched into Jugoslavia, was ambushed and interned! They are determined to take no part in an attack on Poland and rely—with any justification?—on Mussolini to defend their independence. Dr. Lajos, author of *Germany's War Chances*, is on the friendliest terms with the Government which ordered his arrest. His book, in spite of the official ban dictated from Berlin, is freely circulating and precisely 300 copies have in fact been confiscated. It is, however, certain that a "peaceful settlement" of the Danzig question would once more throw the country back into a mood of desperate compliance with Herr Hitler's decrees. Count Csaky's repeated trips to Germany—first to visit Herr von Ribbentrop, and subsequently to stay "unofficially" with Herr Frick—suggest that already the "heat" is being turned on Budapest from Berlin.

The Four Chinese

The four Chinese, whose presence in Tientsin has been used as a blackmailing weapon against Britain, have not yet been handed over to the Japanese, and there is still hope that they will not be. The demand to hand over these men is part of the Japanese campaign to force Britain into helping Japan to conquer China. It goes with the question of the Chinese silver in Tientsin and the demand that Britain shall cease to support the Chinese dollar. With every retreat the attacks on British interests increase. The Anglo-Japanese formula was an important Japanese victory; the decision to hand over the Chinese confirms that optimism. "Evidence," which was considered inadequate on June 7th to justify handing them over, was supplemented on July 30th. But this time it was produced in Tokyo, as the Japanese authorities were unwilling to produce it in Tientsin, "where it would immediately be spread around to everyone." Apparently this "evidence" has convinced the Law authorities in London, and the Government, freed from the embarrassment of parliamentary criticism, took its decision last Friday. But the instructions seem not yet to have been passed on to Mr. Jamieson, the British Consul-General in Tientsin. This delay suggests that the application for a writ of *habeas corpus* at Shanghai applied for by Miss Margery Fry and Professor Norman Bentwich has provided the authorities concerned with a nice legal problem. It certainly held up proceedings for a week, during which the Judge was unable to make up his mind as to whether he could allow the application. Now that he has given an adverse decision, an appeal will be made in the High Court against it. Meanwhile the Japanese-controlled Court in Tientsin is deprived of its prey, and the four Chinese remain in the "safe custody" of the British authorities, who are pledged by the Treaty of Tientsin of 1858 to hand over prisoners in such cases and after due requisition to the *Chinese* authorities. In no circumstances can the Japanese authorities in Tientsin be called Chinese.

More News from the First Nazi Colony

Had we not seen a copy of the document in question, we should not have credited the latest report from "the Protectorate." In future anyone who wishes to leave Bohemia or Moravia is compelled to sign an agreement with the *Böhmische Escompt-Bank und Kredit-Anstalt*. The agreement has eleven lengthy clauses of which the first is: "I have decided entirely of my own free will to emigrate from the Protectorate; and therefore desire to manage my property in the strictest conformity with all present and future decrees and regulations of the Reich. I therefore entrust to you the entire management and control of everything I possess." After this the luckless property-owner agrees to pay 2 per cent. per annum of the total value of the property for the services of the Bank, empowers the Bank to sell or mortgage part or the whole of the property if this is rendered necessary by any decree. Finally, he is forced to add "I renounce the right in any way to challenge the necessity or propriety of any actions or agreements you may make in connection with my property." It is difficult to decide whether this is an example of German officialdom or Nazi guile. In plain English the document would have but one clause. "I agree to the confiscation in due legal form of everything I possess." No wonder the "pubs" of Prague are now plastered with the printed placard "Drinks here: no politics."

Balance of Power in Spain

The composition of the new Spanish Cabinet represents the final defeat of the Traditionalists—the monarchists, landowners and industrialists—on whose "moderation" and supposedly Anglophil tendencies the British Government has pathetically relied. The portfolios of the Defence Departments have been given to professional soldiers; and Colonel Beigbeder, High Commissioner for Morocco during the civil war, becomes Minister for Foreign Affairs. But the significant fact is that Señor Serrano Suñer, the Caudillo's Falangist brother-in-law, is established as Minister of the Interior and President of the Junta which acts as link between the Government and the Falange, whose new leader, General Muñoz Grande, becomes Minister for Public Works. The "moderate" Count Jordana disappears from the scene, and so does another critic of the Falange, General Queipo de Llano. The one Traditionalist left in a Cabinet which will be dominated by the pro-Axis policy of Suñer is Señor Bilbao, a lawyer

who takes over the Ministry of Justice. General Franco himself becomes President, vested with unfettered dictatorial powers to govern by decree, and his functions include those of Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief and Head of the Military Directorate, to which he may require the Cabinet at any time to transfer Ministerial authority. The declaration of policy issued to the nation by the Cabinet on its formation is a conventional Fascist exhortation to devote "unity, discipline and faith" to the work of reconstruction. That the work will be carried out predominantly under German direction and influence is now obvious.

Living Wage on the Railways

The railway managers seek to justify their refusal to concede the wage demands of the N.U.R. and A.S.L.E.F. by reference to the railways' financial results. This year, they admit, has brought with it a substantial recovery of gross traffic receipts; but, even so, the takings will be well below the level of 1937. Last year, moreover, some £500 millions of railway capital went without any return, and even this year interest on preferred stock is unlikely to be fully earned. How then, they argue, can they agree to make concessions which would cost £2¼ millions a year, or nearly £7 millions if they were extended (as might well prove unavoidable) to all grades? Against this the railwaymen are entitled to urge that they have waited long and patiently for an opportunity to improve their conditions, that railway capitalisation is essentially unreal, and that the public has no right to expect to enjoy transport facilities based on under-paid labour. The demands of the A.S.L.E.F. relate both to wages and working hours and overtime. In their case there is presumably some scope for bargaining and negotiation, if the railway managers modify their present attitude of unqualified *non possumus*. The insistence, however, of the N.U.R. on the simple demand that the minimum wage should be raised from 45*s*. to 50*s*. a week, when £3 and more is being earned by practically unskilled workers engaged in rural districts for A.R.P. contracts, is surely justified.

Lessons of the Black-out

In relation to the question whether bomber or fighter holds the mastery in the air, it is difficult for the layman to deduce much from the accounts of last week's air exercises. Cloudy weather aided the attack; but, according to the official version, pursuit planes had the advantage when the clouds cleared. From this angle, mimic warfare is obviously a far from conclusive test. In the case, however, of the ground defences two indisputable points emerged. First, there is urgent need for many more searchlights, with better-trained crews. Secondly, the black-out was far from adequate. Not merely were the London railway stations pools of light; moving motor cars revealed the tracks of the main streets and roads, and factories working by night had unshuttered windows. It is clear that much more must be done to ensure the invisibility of railways, gas-works, power-stations and other industrial undertakings. At present, uncertainties as to the State's contribution towards the cost of "shuttering" are holding up work.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

AUGUST, 1938—AUGUST, 1939

AUGUST 1939 is astonishingly like August 1938; the same long-drawn-out crisis, the same vast German mobilisation, the same concentration by Hitler on a single object which masks further designs, the same to-ing and fro-ing to the oracle at Berchtesgaden, the same invented atrocities and venomous propaganda in the German press and, most disconcerting of all, the same Prime Ministers in Britain and France. The differences are the British guarantees and the military conversations with Russia, the general resolution among the common people everywhere to stop Hitler from further advances, and the far greater military strength of the Western Powers. Let no one delude himself that Danzig is the issue. It is the tactical ground deliberately chosen by Hitler just because it is in itself of minor importance. The Germans already dominate it, and, since the German navy controls the Baltic, its strategic importance is not large. Just because it is intrinsically unimportant Hitler has made it the psychological test. Taken by itself there is no issue here that could not be easily settled. But the Poles, who watched what happened to Czechoslovakia, know that the Führer still adheres to the tactics laid down in *Mein Kampf*, of undermining the morale of your opponent by extorting small concessions until the time is ripe for his final destruction.

Hitler hopes, for reasons which we discuss on the front page of this journal this week, that he can achieve another victory by pressure, and that the effect of such a victory will be to prevent the Russian alliance, to demoralise Poland and to break up the Peace Front. There will only be war in 1939 if the German General Staff decide that the autumn of 1939 is favourable for a swift victory. We believe that this is not their advice and that, on the contrary, the scheme is Danzig and perhaps Hungary in September 1939 and presumably Warsaw as the next stage in the spring of 1940. The German press is already talking about the partition of Poland.

What is the counter to this determination? Obviously the completion of the Peace Front which is still no more than a ramshackle collection of allies and which, without a constructive policy and without the full adherence of Russia, remains no more than a caricature. Its weakness is not lack of arms or resources, but lack of cohesion and direction. Without these, suspicion of our intentions grows in the United States as well as in the U.S.S.R. If war comes, the common people everywhere will fight for the simple and ultimate reason that they prefer to defend their hearths and homes rather than submit to a regime of terror. But we have to think beyond this ultimate motive of self-defence and we have to think in terms of preventing war. You cannot hope to defeat Fascism in peace or in war if you leave all the initiative to the Fascists. Suppose that there is war this autumn? We can picture the unhappy ministers and publicists in every country rushing round to discover what we are fighting for this time; will it be democracy, Christianity, international law or just King and Country? These words will not again stand the strain put on them. In peace or war the Peace Front must give a concrete promise of freedom and security to the common man.

That is one reason why we differ from those corre-

spondents who suggest that it is dangerous or inopportune to talk of proposals on which peace in Europe might be based. We cannot refuse to think because Mr. Chamberlain may caricature our thoughts. In war, reason is shattered with the first shell; we cannot wait till it comes and then use idealistic phrases to cover up materialistic ends. More important still, we believe that to put forward peace aims is essential strategy.

There are three good reasons for considering peace objectives. In the first place, to explore and publish constructive proposals, not to appease the Nazis, but as a means of encouraging the many Germans who hate Nazi rule, is a crucial part of policy. Millions of Germans listen every day to the British and other foreign wireless stations; they should be given not only a quarter of an hour's news, but several periods in which they would learn that they are being grossly deceived by their rulers, that encirclement is the result of the seizure of Bohemia and that it is Goebbels and Himmler who keep them from the world of prosperity and freedom that is rightfully theirs. If such words are to be effective they must be accompanied with concrete suggestions, not that the Nazi leaders would accept, but that a reasonable German (and there are many) would recognise as reasonable. This would be attempted if there were war; why wait until the chance of averting it is gone?

Secondly if representatives of Britain, France, Russia and the other States of the Peace Front were to meet and consider proposals for economic and social as well as military co-operation, that would in itself be an important deterrent to Hitler. Instead of "decadent" Powers timorously clutching at the *status quo*, he would be faced with governments united by a common purpose. The Peace Front, if it is ever to exist, must be more than an *ad hoc* alliance to meet a particular danger—as the founders of the League of Nations had the gumption to realise. Thirdly, if there is ever to be a better international order, before or after a war, someone must be thinking what form it should take. It is idle, in days when the Atlantic is crossed in twelve hours, to think that petty national governments can go on dividing up the world and quarrelling about their *Lebensraum*. It is not much more helpful merely to talk vaguely about social revolution. That will come all right. It may come the Nazi way, if no one is planning and working for a revolution that emancipates instead of enslaving.

For years scientists and trained observers who have understood the waste and folly of post-war Europe, have been amassing at Geneva and elsewhere a vast amount of material. Their work lies forgotten because men's thoughts are centred only on preparing for war or escaping from it. Our problem is not the deficiency of our knowledge or the failure of our experts but the absence of that political, dynamic and interpreted purpose without which all the knowledge and skill in the world are of no avail. To suggest that all plans for European reconstruction are dangerous because they may be perverted for the purposes of "appeasement" is to commit spiritual suicide. We propose in the near future to discuss in a concrete way some of the jobs that must be tackled if democracies are to practise the principles which they preach. To do this is not to surrender to the Nazis, but to issue that challenge to them and to ourselves without which no Peace Front can be built.

A PLACE CALLED CARRADALE

THIS place is called Carradale. It is on the eastern side of Kintyre, about half-way down, and one looks across the water to Arran and, on clear days, to Ailsa Craig in the distance. The house where I am staying is on the sea-shore; and behind it are woods, now the property of the Forestry Commission, and in process of being retrieved from the decay which had been allowed to come upon them. At the mouth of the little river lies a fishing fleet, of good, up-to-date boats with diesel engines; and, as the herring trade is doing well just now, and there is no restriction imposed by the Herring Board, the fishermen, who are the largest group in the local population, are for the time being pretty well off. There are summer visitors, too, who spend a little money about the place; and the principal event in the daily round is the arrival of the steamer from Glasgow, which links our little community with the greater world, brings us our letters and our newspapers and such provisions and stores as we need to buy, and manages somehow to land our visitors safely at the rotting pier which it is no one's business to keep in decent order.

I did not come to Carradale to think about politics. I was tired, and I wanted very much to get away from Hitler and Chamberlain and the thought of war and from every problem that pursues me over the rest of the year. But even here, in Carradale, there is no escape; I have landed right in the middle of a problem of local politics that has made me think hard, and also made me want to be of practical use if I can. For this little population of under 500 souls is facing a crisis of its own—a crisis which also affects the six thousand or so inhabitants of our nearest town—Campbeltown, about fifteen miles away, and another thousand or two scattered about in the smaller villages of the Kintyre peninsula.

The simple fact that is disturbing our small community is that the company which runs the steamboat service between Kintyre and Glasgow says that this service does not pay, and is threatening to discontinue it in September, thus cutting off Campbeltown as well as Carradale from contact with Glasgow except by road or aeroplane. If this happens, it will still be possible for those who can afford it to reach Kintyre by aeroplane from Renfrew to the airport at Machrihanish; and no doubt the richer golfers will experience no disadvantage. But most of us cannot afford to travel by air—much less to have our goods sent that way. For us, the road will be the only means of communication left open if the steamers stop running.

Well, why not? Is not the road a good enough way? Anyone who thinks so had better take a look at the map. It is three times as far to Glasgow from Campbeltown by a practicable road as it is by water. Even an ordinary motor car from Carradale has to go about 120 miles round by way of Tarbert, Lochgilphead, Inverary and Arrochar—along the shores of Loch Fyne and Loch Lomond, in order to get to Glasgow. I made that circuit myself, coming here by car, and shall make it again when I set out to catch a boat at Glasgow for Dublin in a week's time. But the road I shall take from here to Tarbert, on the first stage of my journey, is much too narrow and steep for lorries; and the cost of reconstructing it as a main highway would be enormous. The road from Glasgow to Carradale for goods vehicles runs right down the west side of Kintyre to Campbeltown and then back up the east side—a further enormous circuit which will add seriously to the cost of everything that the people need to buy. That is all very well for the tourist who comes here for a quiet life. It is not so good for the people who live here all the year round, and depend partly on the tourists who may cease to come if their normal way of getting to Carradale—by steamer from Glasgow or Greenock—is cut off.

So I am compelled to think about politics even here. The fate which threatens Carradale and Campbeltown is not peculiar to these places. It is of a piece with the treatment that has been measured out to the people all over the Scottish Highlands, if not in one way then in another. It is getting

harder and harder for those who dwell in these remoter parts of the British Isles to live at all—unless they can contrive somehow to get themselves maintained at the expense of the Exchequer through the U.A.B. The people here are the victims of a large-scale capitalism which regards their ways of living as obsolete. In this particular case, the local steamship company which has run the service for many years was bought up, not long ago, by a larger concern, which has virtually a monopoly in these days of coastwise shipping about the Highlands and Islands. And now this larger concern, having put the local company out of business, is threatening to discontinue the service, on the ground that it does not pay well enough to make it worth while.

That, of course, is perfectly sound capitalist ethics. Why should a profit-making company go on running a service which is not remunerative enough to satisfy its directors' expectations of profit? Clearly, from the standpoint of these directors, it is merely irrelevant that their decision to discontinue the service will largely cut off several thousand people from their normal ways of keeping in touch with, and getting supplies from, the outside world. It is irrelevant that these people will have to pay more for the things they buy, to lose a part of their tourist traffic, and to be condemned to a greater isolation in an area in which unemployment is already very severe. No one can say that the company—even if it does receive a subsidy from the State for carrying the mails—is beyond its capitalist rights in deciding that the continuance of a steamboat service to Kintyre is not a paying proposition.

Though I cannot blame the company, I cannot help seeing that the loss inflicted on the people of Kintyre is bound to be out of all proportion to any gain which the company's shareholders stand to make by stopping the service. Nor can I help asking myself whether it can be right that the decision whether the people of Kintyre are to be cut off or not should rest with a board of directors whose governing consideration must be simply that of the profits likely to accrue to their shareholders. All over the Highlands of Scotland the lie of the land makes the sea an indispensable means of communication. If the Highlanders and the Islanders are not to be hopelessly isolated both from one another and from the world beyond, there must be well-run ferries and regular steamboat services, as well as good roads. But the population is already so reduced and so poor that the task of providing such services —even of making tolerable roads—is quite beyond the resources of the authorities responsible for local government. It is useless to ask the Argyllshire County Council to make good roads—much less to provide good piers and harbours, and to undertake the running of ferry and steamboat services which private enterprise does not find it remunerative to supply. If the thing is to be done at all, it must be done nationally—with national money, and by an authority with a wide enough mandate to make a plan of development for the Highlands as a whole.

In comparison with the threat of war, the affairs of little places such as Carradale and even Campbeltown may seem very small beer. But there are a great many of these little places that have nearly as good a claim as the mining valleys of South Wales to be considered seriously by those who value the health and happiness of the British people. Campbeltown, for example, was once a thriving town, with its twenty-two distilleries, its fisheries, and fish-curing, its coal mine, and a goodly supply of little industries to supply its people with work. To-day its fishing fleet has been greatly reduced; fish-curing has died out; only two or three small distilleries are still working; and its coal mine is closed down. Apart from the tourist industry there is not much left to keep its people off the dole. Carradale is better off, thanks to the comparative prosperity of its fishing fleet and the absence of an industrial population—and also thanks to the presence of a form of public enterprise under the Forestry Commissioners. But Carradale, as well as Campbeltown, will be hit very hard if the steamboats stop. The older people will remain, getting poorer and fewer: the younger ones will drift gradually into Glasgow, to live at best a life which will not suit them, and very probably to add to the numbers of the chronically unemployed. They do not want to leave Carradale; but how are they to live if their means of communication are cut off? So the people here are saying that they want a publicly owned service of coastwise vessels for the Scottish Highlands and Islands, a public authority to take over and maintain their rotting harbours and defective ferries, a public body to put capital into conserving and developing the potential value of their country for the production of wealth and welfare. They are turning Socialist, even if they know little of Socialism, because the capitalist system is leaving them to rot away in their isolation and enforced poverty, and is exposing here, as plainly as in Glamorgan or Durham or West Cumberland, its disregard for human values and even for long-run economic considerations that do not fit in with the immediate requirements of modern joint stock company finance.

G. D. H. COLE

THE MEN OF MUNICH

ON July 25th and the two following days *L'Ordre*, which has become the best morning paper in Paris, published a series of articles by that able journalist, André Stibio, on "The Past, Present and Future of the Daladier Experience." Stibio said that it was to be regretted that M. Daladier had "established his power and gained his immense popularity by the most disastrous peace swindle (*la plus funeste escroquerie à la paix*), that is to say the Munich agreement. What Stibio thought even less excusable than the signature of the Munich agreement was Daladier's defence of it after he had signed it. He should, Stibio said, have frankly admitted that he had been wrong, told the French people the truth about Munich and solemnly put an end to the policy of concessions, whereas he allowed his head to be turned by flattery and tried to justify a policy that he knew to have been disastrous. Munich was followed by "a sort of Franco-German honeymoon," by which "the mistrustful peasant, who calls himself a Jacobin" was taken in. Daladier, Stibio thinks, was inclined at that time to believe that there was a possibility of coming to an understanding with Germany and no possibility of coming to an understanding with Italy. The result was that "Nazi propaganda took root in this favourable soil and it has now become necessary to uproot it, not without difficulty."

M. Stibio is undoubtedly right. Those who saw the news reel of the British and French Prime Ministers as they came down the steps of the building in which they had signed the death warrant of Czechoslovakia will surely remember, as I do, the contrast between the appearance of the two men. Mr. Chamberlain looked gay and triumphant and was evidently much pleased with himself. M. Daladier looked like a broken man with a guilty conscience. On his return journey to Paris he was almost in a state of collapse and fully expected that he would have a bitterly hostile reception on his arrival and would be obliged to resign amid general reprobation. When, to his surprise, he had a popular reception such as is given to a conqueror returning from a victorious war, he is said to have muttered: "The imbeciles! If they only knew what they are applauding." The French word that I have translated "imbeciles" is untranslatable. The great majority of the French people received the news of Munich with mingled feelings of "shame and cowardly relief," to use Léon Blum's famous phrase, and the relief predominated. The Communists showed great courage in voting against the Munich agreement in the Chamber. They were joined only by M. de Kerillis and one Socialist deputy, whose name I forget. With that exception the whole Socialist Party approved the agreement. No wonder M. Daladier's head was turned.

M. Stibio is convinced that M. Daladier's conversion after March 15th was sincere and has been lasting, that he is strongly in favour of an alliance with Russia and that he may be trusted to pursue a firm policy and not to support any possible effort

on the part of Mr. Chamberlain to arrange a Polish Munich. I hope that M. Stibio is right, but M. Daladier's past record makes me hesitate. He has too often given way at the last moment. I am bound to say, however, that Stibio's opinion is shared by others who are in a position to know and in whose judgment I have confidence. They say that, whatever M. Georges Bonnet's desires may be, he is no longer in a position to bring about a return to the policy of appeasement. So far as Paris is concerned, opinion as a whole seems to be favourable to the Russian Alliance, because it is thought that it will reduce the risk of war, but it would be too much to say that there is a general determination to take that risk rather than make more concessions to Hitler. Many people, when you put the question to them, try to evade it. I am told that the circulation of the *Oeuvre* has increased since it adopted a pro-Munich policy, under the influence, it is alleged, of M. Bonnet, who also inspires *l'Homme Libre*, which pursues the same policy more frankly.

The Men of Munich are still numerous in all classes and all parties, except the Communist Party, although there are much fewer of them than there were five months ago. M. Paul Faure, the Secretary of the Socialist Party, who is an unrepentant Man of Munich, has a large following in the Party. At the National Congress of the Party at Nantes he had nearly half the delegates on his side and, although a compromise was patched up on what the French call a " nègre blanc " resolution, the conflict has only been deferred. The Men of Munich of the C.G.T. have a weekly organ, *Syndicat*, which is intensely anti-Communist, and among the elementary school teachers, who have always inclined to absolute pacificism, they are in a large majority. At the annual congress of their trade union in July, a resolution—carried by 767 votes against 199 for one proposed by the " revolutionary pacifists," who are the equivalent of the Spanish P.O.U.M., and 144 for a Communist resolution—proposed among other things " to tear up what is left " of the Treaty of Versailles, " même à titre symbolique." M. Delmas, the Secretary of the Union, was good enough to explain to the delegates from Alsace-Lorraine that this did not mean the return of the two provinces to Germany, but he said nothing about the other territorial provisions of the Treaty. It is to be feared that Hitler would not regard their suppression as symbolic. Probably the French elementary school teachers do not know that Hitler himself has said that he would not be satisfied by the restoration of all the territory taken from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles and that " the frontiers of the year 1914 have no importance at all for the future of the German nation."

On the Right the Men of Munich—the Men of Coblenz of the twentieth century—are in a large majority, but at the moment they are paying lip service to " national union." Nevertheless, papers like the *Jour*, the *Journal*, the *Petit Journal* and the *Action Française* are continually inventing stories of Communist activities in the hope of preventing an agreement with Russia. The latest is a story about an alleged Communist plot to stir up a revolutionary general strike in October, which the *Temps* professes to take seriously. Pressure is being brought on M. Daladier to suppress the Communist Party, but it would be an insult to him to suppose that he will yield to it. It could hardly promote national unity to suppress a party that polled a million and a half votes at the last general election—100,000 more than the Radicals, although the Communists secured only 72 seats in the Chamber and the Radicals 109—and is now the only party that as a whole stands for the Jacobin tradition.

In spite of all this, I firmly believe that, if war unhappily came, French national unity would be realised, as it was in 1914 when political divisions were just as sharp as they are now. It was then believed by many people in Germany and elsewhere that the French were a decadent people incapable of uniting and making a stand, but it was shown, as it so often has been, that in an emergency the French react in a way that their critics did not expect. The mischief is that the Men of Munich are encouraging Hitler to believe that France will not stand firm and thus, while they claim to be pacificists and accuse those who disagree with them of being bellicose, are weakening the effort to avert war.

There can be no doubt any longer that German money has been poured into France, just as Italian money was during the Abyssinian affair and Russian Tsarist money before the war. Poincaré avowed in his Memoirs that, when he was Prime Minister, he himself distributed to the press the funds supplied by the Russian Government. It is to be hoped that his example has not been followed by any member of the present French Government. The arrest of the News Editor of the *Temps* and the Business Manager of the *Figaro*, who has since died in prison, has been followed, it is reported, by other arrests, but the public is kept in complete ignorance of what is happening. There is too much ground for suspecting that the Government is hushing up the scandal, and the mystery in which the whole affair is wrapped has, as usual, led to all sorts of reports about important persons being implicated and names are bandied from mouth to mouth. It would be more sensible to give the public some information, and the omission to do so inevitably creates the impression that the affair has something like the dimensions of the Panama scandal, which may not be the case. The acquittal of Lucien Sampaix, who was prosecuted for revealing information in an article in the *Humanité*, was a blow to the Government.

Herr Abetz, whose name has been freely mentioned in connection with the affair, has deposited a *plainte* against M. de Kerillis, the editor of the *Epoque*, for libel and the German Embassy has revealed the fact that Herr Abetz had an official mission from the German Government, which he and his French friends always denied. Unfortunately, if the case ever comes into Court, it is unlikely to throw much light on the matter, for by French law justification cannot be pleaded and neither the plaintiff nor the defendant can give evidence. What is certainly known is that Herr Abetz moved in the best Parisian society and was on friendly terms with at least one member of the Government and that his activities, whatever they were, led the authorities recently to call on him to leave France. Incidentally Sir Samuel Hoare's reply in the House of Commons on August 3rd to Mr. Mander's question about The Link has caused considerable excitement here and the papers have given a lot of space to the subject. My French friends are a bit incredulous when I tell them that the great majority of the members of the organisation are certainly not in the pay of Germany and have not even that excuse.

M. Daladier's popularity has been considerably diminished by his internal policy. The new taxes are unpopular, as taxes always are. M. Stibio said with reason in the articles already quoted that M. Daladier is too much at the mercy of the reactionary elements in his majority and the financial interests and that his treatment of parliament creates a dangerous situation. " It is not enough," M. Stibio said, " not to aim at personal power for oneself. It is also necessary not to have unconsciously prepared the way for it." He also said, with truth, that if " the Daladier Experience " does not bring about a parliamentary restoration and the re-establishment of the free exercise of democracy, it may come up against obstacles that will make an end of it " in a political confusion of the worst kind."

ROBERT DELL

A LONDON DIARY

I have seldom seen a more fantastic document than the annual report of the British Empire Union, sent me by a director of a well-known City firm. He says that he " cannot approve of a body whose main interest purports to be the British Empire and which yet at this time devotes much space in its annual report to the menace of Communism and Socialism while completely ignoring the existence of such trifles as the menace of Nazism and Fascism." The stupidity and ignorance of Colonel Blimp is almost beyond credibility.

These are the people who have surrendered democracy and Britain's strategic position to its bitter and avowed enemies in Spain, the Far East and Africa. Yet they have the crass impudence to talk about subversive influences. The ignorance of this report! After making the comic remark that the harm done by the Communists is " in inverse ratio to their numbers " (which means that the fewer there are the more harm they do !), it says that " it is an undoubted fact that they are responsible for any industrial unrest which may arise," and gives as an example of a " pink " organisation permeated by Communists—what do you think? The Peace Pledge Union—the body that the Communists most loathe!

* * *

In a world of cruelty and misery there is something peculiarly revolting about the plight of refugees who wander about the Mediterranean, packed in small ships, often totally unfit to carry passengers, in search of anywhere to land. Shipping companies and " travel agencies " offer to carry immigrants to some foreign country, usually Palestine; often, it seems, the refugees have been assured of somewhere to land, though no authorisation has been given. They find no harbour to take them; even elderly people who would not add to the Palestine birth-rate and children who have " guarantees " are refused. Sometimes they wander about for weeks, until the captain smuggles them on to the land somewhere by night or gives it up and takes them back to the tyrannies they hoped to escape. The recent case of the St. Louis got unusual publicity with the result that the passengers were not returned to German concentration camps. Several ships are known to be wandering about in desperation now that the British authorities, who have forgotten the Nelson touch and the blind eye, have taken precautions against clandestine landing. There is a ship from Rumania carrying several hundred refugees from Czechoslovakia, nearly all people from the professional middle classes; it came into Beyrouth two or three weeks ago for food and water. It was full of rats and the passengers had scurvy. This ship was lucky when I last heard of it; the passengers were permitted as a special favour to land in the harbour quarantine quarters where they have been looked after by the Beyrouth Jewish community. What is to happen to them no one seems to know. There are a number of other boatloads that have not even this momentary safety. One would have thought that it was not asking too much that special temporary camps should be set up for these refugees—Cyprus, the Tunisian or Algerian coasts and parts of Turkey strike one as all possible. Something of the sort should be done at once; but it would only be really useful if at the same time the British allowed a large proportion of the quota to go to Palestine immediately—and what is Mr. MacDonald's motive in rationing the quota over years when the need is so obviously immediate?—and unless we got on at once with one of the long-discussed alternative Jewish homes.

* * *

Others besides myself must have noticed the immense improvement in the quality of press messages from Moscow. If there has been little good news, there has at least been a large amount of descriptive material, which tells us all that the Muscovites themselves know, and gives a fair idea of the atmosphere. This, as I understand it, is partly due to the alteration in the methods of censorship. Previously all messages had to be submitted to a censor before they were passed. Men like Duranty, who were in favour, could get a good deal through, and serious estimates of the progress or otherwise of the Soviet Union were always treated with respect. But the censorship operated, naturally, as a severe check on the day-to-day vivacity which makes or ruins a correspondent. Recently it was announced that the censorship was ended, though a correspondent might still be expelled if over a time his messages seemed hostile. The resultant improvement has been startling.

* * *

English journalists have had a curious evasive language forced on them, mainly by the libel laws. One evening paper consequently once put out a poster which was a masterpiece of reticence: it read merely MYSTERY MAN'S ALLEGED STATEMENT. French journalists have also evolved a language of their own, but for what reasons I do not know. It does not prevent them being grossly libellous, but seems to require them to refer to crime in terms of literary more than moral disapproval. A cashier in a Paris store took a cheque for 2,000 francs, altered it to 52,000 francs, spent the proceeds in gay living, and has just been arrested at Audresselles planning a burglary. The papers referred to him as a *caissier indelicat* and to his crime as an indelicacy. If you are a concierge who takes money which is not yours, you do not " steal " 5,000 francs; no, you *subtilise* it. As if your fault was a form of over-refinement. I have taken my examples from the provincial press—the *Journal de Roubaix*, *Telegramme de Calais*, and other papers which the small towns and villages read. I wish I had room to analyse their editors' scale of news value too. *Un cultivateur* (never *paysan*, I notice) *de la region égorge sa femme et puis se suicide* is worth slightly more than a special story showing the British conscripts in a favourable light. The Indelicate Cashier is twice as good as news of M. Daladier's cruise. King George at Weymouth nearly wipes the front page clean of anything else.

* * *

The death of Frank Sidgwick brings memories of a quiet and humourous personality; to me especially it recalls a thin book which once meant a great deal to me but which I had long forgotten. *Some Verse* was one of those books which exactly fit at some odd moment of one's life; I found it as a boy in Red Cross uniform in 1916. I used to carry it about in my pocket and forget the war in odd minutes, trying my hand at parody and light verse. (No; you are quite safe. None of it ever appeared in print or deserved to.) Frank Sidgwick belonged to an old school of publishers which has never died in this country; he believed in publishing books that would last, and were worth publishing, and keeping a permanent relationship with their authors. He was, of course, born to books—all the Sidgwicks wrote; though I don't know whether they all read their works to each other as the Benson family did.

* * *

The other day I was talking to a girl I have known for some time who works in a factory, and she was complaining that she was always in debt. As she lives at home and only pays a small amount into the family budget, I was surprised and tried to discover what her obligations were. After a good deal of inquiry, she remarked in parenthesis " Of course, there is insurance: that costs me 2*s*. 3*d*." " What insurance? " I asked. " Well, I've got a policy on Daddy, Mother and Auntie," she replied. " My sister has one on Daddy, Mother, Auntie, and Grandad; but she spends 2*s*. 6*d*. a week. Anyway, she has paid on Grandad for three years, when no one expected him to last so long." This ghoulish habit, by which the children insure all their ageing relations, is common practice among the working class and is strenuously encouraged by the agents of our great insurance companies. The hoped-for return is often pitiably small, and it is difficult to justify a type of speculation in which their children can only win the stakes if their elders do not last too long.

* * *

The following is taken from a letter dated July 12th, written by an English resident of Peiping:

> There was an anti-British demonstration announced for Friday morning. . . . Bands, loud-speakers, soldiers (Japanese), fully armed, every lorry plastered with vitriolic mottoes about my poor country. Behind the lorries came cars, with miserably martyred-looking Chinese officials inside. A perfect deluge of leaflets began just as I arrived, so I scrambled and got one of each kind. They are most inept: I would rather call them a reason for loving, than hating, Great Britain. No one picked them up except coolies and children, and they were collecting great wadges of them with very satisfied smiles: not that they wanted to read 'em, but they'll be used for pasting up doors and windows next winter—nice, clean, unused paper. I found out later that the Legation Quarter half shut its gates all day, and had machine-guns mounted on the walls.

No doubt the best reading in the *Times* is usually in the sports columns. But this does not mean that sporting parlance is particularly appropriate to the present international situation, and it was with a slight feeling of nausea that one learnt from the *Times* diplomatic correspondent that in the matter of the four Chinese suspects in Tientsin the British Government "were on a weak wicket." Now that we have graciously allowed the Japanese to play through, perhaps we shall be told how the prosecution takes the wind out of the sails of the defence, skittles out the Chinese foursome and sends them down for the count. Perhaps the golfing editor is now preparing a fourth leader on the execution. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to G. S. Burton.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Shrieking, "Isn't he one big heart-throb," hundreds of girls stormed the Tivoli Cinema (London) last night in a frantic effort to tear buttons from film star Tyrone Power's clothes and snatch flowers from his button-hole. Eighteen casualties were treated in the cinema lounge.—*Daily Mirror.*

The threat of certain railwaymen to strike in August month is beyond words. They know that shareholders in railways, already paying reduced dividends, depend on the summer season, yet they take this time of the year for their ultimatum.

Strikes should come under the heading of treason.—*St. Ives Times.*

Here is one indication that there will be no war this year.

On Upper Speyside a peculiar marking, similar to the letter "B," can be observed on the outer husk of the corn, writes a correspondent. More than one person has stated that this marking has not been seen since 1918, when the Great War ended.

Is this a sign that the present world tension will be dispelled and peace and prosperity restored?—*Aberdeen Press and Journal.*

Transformation of unemployed girls into compulsory domestic servants, in the households of the better classes, might, he thought, help to end the declining birth-rate.—Bertram Pollock in *News Review.*

Isidore Kozminsky, D.Sc., who is recognised as one of the world's greatest astrologers, has discovered a DEFINITE LAW which selects winners of racing events with astounding accuracy. And more remarkable still, no knowledge of astrology or horseracing is necessary for the successful application of this amazing Law.—Circular letter.

Ratepayers of Pinner (Middlesex), have signed a petition asking the London Passenger Transport Board to give the new railway station at Pinner a "medieval" design, "in keeping with surrounding property."—*Daily Express.*

More than 100 dogs will be blessed by a priest at a service for dogs in the Church of St. Thomas Moore, St. John's Wood, next Wednesday. Believed to be the first service of its kind in England, it has been arranged for the day of Saint Roch, the patron saint of dogs. Pets belonging to many society people and actresses will attend. The literary world will be represented by Miss Jane England and Miss Margery Lawrence. Dogs will be coming from all over England. Mrs. Madden, of Bolton, a well-known Scots terrier breeder, is bringing the oldest inhabitant of her kennels, Ch. Albourne Red Mary, to be blessed. "Mary has been with me all her life," Mrs. Madden told me to-day. "She is nearly twelve now, and as I am going abroad I feel I would like to have her blessed before I go."—*Evening Standard.*

Epstein's statue "Adam," which is on exhibition at Blackpool, has been damaged.

Five small holes, varying in depth from a quarter of an inch to one-sixteenth of an inch, have been made on the right side of the right leg just below the knee.

An official told the *News Chronicle* that the only way he could account for the damage was that it might have been done absent-mindedly by a member of the audience while listening to an art lecture.—*News Chronicle.*

NOTES ON THE OSTMARK

(By a correspondent who has lately revisited Vienna)

I was prepared to find a certain amount of bitterness against the Nazis, particularly in Vienna, but the longer I stayed the more clearly I realised that the feeling at the moment is not one of certain sections of the population against a political party, but is a *general* feeling against the Germans, and that it has been steadily growing until it has reached a point where the Gestapo are practically powerless to interfere. During the whole of my stay I failed to meet a single person who spoke with enthusiasm of the new regime. I was particularly amazed at the openness with which people expressed themselves in cafés and other public places; and I was told — though I did not actually witness a case — that the old Socialist greeting of *Freundschaft!* could often be heard in the working-class districts. Most striking of all was the disillusionment among the Austrian Nazis themselves, known as "the illegals" from their former struggle against the Schuschnigg regime. Many of them—including personal acquaintances of mine who knew Austria well in the old days—have broken off their connection with the Party in disgust, and some have even joined the new opposition which is slowly forming itself, which may be called Communist or Socialist or just democratic, but is certainly anti-German and anti-militarist. One night I met a young Nazi who was finishing his military service in a mechanised branch. I knew him as a convinced anti-Semite and "illegal" of the old days, but found that his one idea was to leave the country the moment he could. "I shan't come back again," he said quite simply, after trying to persuade me that Roosevelt was in the hands of a dangerous Jewish clique, "unless of course Austria regains her independence."

* * *

The thing the Austrians appear most to resent, after the bureaucratic domination by non-Austrians and the vast militarisation, is the wage-slavery. There is no doubt that unemployment has dropped heavily, and many of the poorest families now have more money coming in than for years past, but there is a considerable concealed unemployment, caused by those who have simply abandoned the work they were given owing to intolerable conditions. Work on the *Autobahnen* and the great fortifications being built everywhere is considered as little better than hard labour; the Austrians complain not only of the pay, but also of being sent far from home without any consideration whatsoever. Even in the better paid jobs, the rise in the cost of living and the enormous tax-deductions, which in the case of a bachelor may amount to as much as a third of the total wage, leave the worker without any margin whatsoever. As for the small businesses, they are being forced out of existence by the weight of taxes and the difficulty in many cases of obtaining supplies. In any factory connected with armaments work—and practically all factories are—the penalty for revealing the nature of the work to an outsider is death, government spies are rife, and the D.A.F. (The German Labour Front) fails totally to function on behalf of the workers in nine cases out of ten. Nevertheless the Austrians manage to organise some kind of resistance; very often a whole factory will "go slow," and I heard of several cases of authentic strikes even in the heavy industry of Vienna. In one factory in the provinces the workers struck as a protest against the failure of the management to pay them for a half-holiday they had been forced to take during a speech of Hitler's, in spite of a promise that they would be paid. The result was an immediate swoop of arrests. The arrested men had soon to be released, all except those who belonged to Party organisations. These were thrown out and threatened with Dachau the moment any such thing occurred again. After hearing that, I found it easy to believe that in the proletarian districts of Ottakring and Favoriten, for instance, when people give the Nazi salute now, the extended palm swiftly turns into a clenched fist as a lusty "Heil Hitler!" rings out.

I was also interested to discover how nervous people seemed to be about Bohemia and Moravia. One head waiter assured me without any conviction in his voice whatsover, that "in a couple of years the Czechs will be just as good Germans as the Germans themselves." This wishful thinking hardly seemed to be corroborated by the rumours which were circulating everywhere, spread by returned soldiers and special police, of the state of affairs in the "Protektorat." Perhaps the most significant thing of all that they told me was that the encirclement propaganda, as far as Austria was concerned, seemed to have missed fire almost entirely. I had expected to find quite a strong anti-British feeling, particularly after a few days' perusal of the German papers, but except in one or two isolated instances was surprised to find precisely the opposite. Everywhere I was greeted with real pleasure and a revival of the old Austrian courtesy and charm, in the trains, at the stations, in the hotels, restaurants and shops. The Austrian hotel industry used to be strongly Nazi, pining for German custom. And now that the country hotels are full of clamorous Germans who arrive in bursting Opel-loads and *Kraft Durch Freude* charabancs and hurry on next day? A hotel porter remarked: "I used to earn more in the old days between eleven and one in a single morning than I do now in a month." I was even embarrassed at the relief my presence sometimes seemed to cause—"Well, if you're here, then there won't be a war!"—Very often I was eagerly questioned for news of the Russian negotiations, and assured that all who could manage it listened in to the Moscow or London broadcasts in German. The Austrians were certainly worried about war, but in spite of the congestion of all railway lines with troop trains carrying men and machines Eastwards which could be witnessed every day, they were inclined to believe there would be no hostilities for the moment. If there were—well, I was assured by an acquaintance who helped run a big café in a mixed district of Vienna, that he didn't know of a single one of his clients who wanted to fight. "Some will throw their rifles away at the first chance," he said bitterly, "—and others have even said they'll shoot themselves first."

THE TRUSTEE

[The well-being and development of people not yet able to stand by themselves is a sacred trust of civilisation.—Lord Halifax, June 30th.

I don't feel happy about the way our power is being used in the West Indies and other parts.—Ramsay Muir, August 9th.]

WHEREVER flies the Union Jack
In warm Imperial air,
All races yellow, brown and black
The Briton's birthright share.
And he who fights for subjects' rights
Is not accused of wrong,

Excepting perhaps in Mauritius, Jamaica, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, Rhodesia, North Borneo, Antigua and Hongkong.

Where the Colonial Office rules
O'er palmy tropic scenes,
No subject learns at Mission schools
What exploitation means.
No laws prevent their betterment,
Free speech is smiled upon,

Excepting perhaps in Burma, Cyprus, Nigeria, Trinidad, Malaya, Sarawak, St. Helena and Ceylon.

Where Britain for the Empire's good
Performs her sacred trust,
Crude problems of wage servitude
Need never be discussed.
Rule that reveals her high ideals
The whole world venerates,

With the possible exception of the Continent of Europe, the Soviet, the Near East, the Far East, South America, Mexico and the United States.

SAGITTARIUS

LOVE OF MONEY

THERE are times when even the most warm-hearted lover of money cannot help regarding the love of money with contempt. Of all the passions it contributes least to human happiness. It shuts a man off even from enjoying the things that money can buy. It makes him ride in buses when he could be riding in taxis. If he travels or has a good meal, the thought of what it is going to cost comes between him and the pleasures he is paying for. Hotels and railway-stations are to him merely places where men conspire to rob him and, though it hurts him to undertip a railway porter, for he is subject to shame, it does not hurt him nearly so much as to tip him properly. I have seen a man of this sort at the Italian frontier trying to get out of tipping a porter for bringing his bag from the customs to the train on the ground that he had not asked him to bring it. It is true that on some pretence or other he had left the bag in my charge at the customs, hoping, no doubt, that I would carry it to the train, and it was I who had given it to the porter. On this ground he wrangled with the porter till the train was about to start, doling out copper coins at minute intervals to the hysterical and voluble official who unfortunately could not speak his mind in English. By the time the train started four-fifths of the normal tip had been wrung from him. He looked crestfallen at first, but, when he realised that he had saved about a penny, he whinnied with satisfaction. He was as happy as a man could be who was incapable of happiness.

And these money-loving undertippers not only make themselves miserable: they make every one associated with them miserable. I remember a man inviting a friend and myself to lunch and, at the end of the meal, leaving three pennies under the plate for the waiter. It is, perhaps, a little insulting to one's host to make up the deficiency of his tip, but, as it was a restaurant to which I wanted to be able to go back, I managed by sleight of hand to slip some silver among the coppers. It may be a form of snobbery to dislike being shamed by one's host before a waiter, but there are few of the minor miseries of civilised life that are acuter. If you lunch with a man who loves money to excess, be careful always to be the host, not the guest. Thrift, I admit, is a virtue, but not when it reaches the point of saving pennies out of a pocketful of pounds.

There is one rich man I know who believes that it is a sin to tip a waiter more than a penny in the shilling on the bill. I have seen him, after paying an eleven-shilling bill, searching through his pockets for coppers to make up an exact eleven-penny tip; and, though he had plenty of shillings, rather than pay so extravagant a tip, he borrowed some coppers from a needy guest. Lovable as money is, it was surely never meant to be loved so pedantically as this.

There are, of course, a hundred good reasons for saving money; and saving money is wrong only when it is saved through an intemperate love of it. Nothing could be more wasteful than to save money merely in order to enjoy the pleasure of possessing it and keeping it idle in a pocket or a bank. Money should be current. It is ultimately useless for any purpose except spending. Even the money that we save must be spent by somebody in the end. Those who save millions, instead of spending a portion of them wisely, often leave them to heirs who spend all of them foolishly.

A good example of the wastefulness of saving money came from America the other day, when an old Irishman, a railway pensioner, died, leaving £30,000 to a half-sister aged eighty-three. He had lived in such poor circumstances and dressed so shabbily that his neighbours took it for granted that he found it hard to make ends meet on his small pension. And now, having bought for himself none of the comforts he could afford, he leaves a fortune to a woman whom he had not seen for sixty years and who is too old to enjoy it. It may be argued that he lived for a dream and that he got as much happiness from his hidden riches as a book-collector gets from his locked up first editions. Book-collecting,

however, is for most men only a part-time hobby, whereas the hoarding of money is the occupation of a life-time. And, unlike book-collecting, it does not seem as a rule to make for cheerfulness.

I have never known of a happy miser. One of the most miserable-looking men I have ever seen was a rich old man who used to walk along the main street of an English village wearing clothes made out of the garments of his dead wife and boots that a tramp might have thrown on a rubbish-dump. Charitable women, seeing him, sometimes mistook him for a beggar, and offered him cast-off clothes and shoes, which he gladly accepted. Yet he was the owner of house-property, and might have gone about the world in comfort.

Let us not be censorous of misers, however. There are worse forms of the love of money than miserliness, which is usually only a kind of weakmindedness. The love of money appears at its most contemptible, not in those who save it, but in those who make it. Now, if there are a hundred good reasons for saving money, there are a thousand good reasons for making it; and we have it on the authority of Dr. Johnson that a man is seldom more innocently employed than when he is making money. But it must be admitted, the ways in which other people make money are sometimes shocking. Those of us who were not wartime profiteers, for example, are outraged when we read of those profiteers who wrung excessive prices out of the authorities for wares that were essential to the soldiers at the Front. It is fairly easy to defend most of the passions of human beings, but I have never seen a good defence of the passion of a wartime profiteer. It may be said in extenuation that he merely carries on into wartime what had been his ruling passion in time of peace—that all human beings are naturally profiteers, making money when and where they can and as much of it as they can. "Euclid," says John Selden, touching on this point, "was beaten in Boccaline for teaching his scholars a mathematical figure in his school, whereby he showed that all the lives both of princes and private men tended to one centre—*con gentilezza* handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets, and put it into their own." If Euclid was right, it may be asked, how can we expect private men not to take advantage of so wonderful an opportunity as a war "handsomely to get money out of other men's pockets and put it into their own"? Ruskin would probably have replied to this that profiteering in time of peace is as base as profiteering in time of war, but that it is only in time of war that the mass of human beings realise its iniquity. Still, the excessive love of money seems worse in wartime, and many people think it should be discouraged.

New ways of making money seem to have appeared, not among the rich extortioners, but among the petty swindlers, now that preparations against yet another war are in train. According to the *Daily Telegraph* door-to-door salesmen are going round various London suburbs, posing as A.R.P. wardens, and cajoling or frightening housewives into buying all sorts of bogus goods for use in case a war breaks out. One of the tricks of these pseudo-wardens is to call at a house and demand to examine the gas-masks. Having done so, he produces a cardboard box, marked "Official first-aid outfit," and says: "There is 2*s.* 6*d.* to pay." If the woman of the house protests or refuses to pay, he brings out a notebook and says: "I am afraid I must report your refusal," with the result that the woman, fearing that she may be prosecuted, usually gives in and hands over the money. When she opens the box she finds that it contains a small bottle of iodine and two bandages worth about sixpence.

Other salesmen are tricking women into paying 30*s.* for a sealed box of bogus air-raid food rations, containing no doubt at least one tin of Japanese salmon. In one suburb a woman was caught claiming to have the authority of the local council for thrusting a fire-extinguishing apparatus on householders.

Surely, a man or woman must love money more than money deserves to be loved to be ready to cheat the poor like this under the shadow of war. There is no "*con gentilezza*" even about the method of transferring the money from one pocket to another. Still, it must be agreed, quite a large number of people in all ages have robbed the poor and in spite of it, have been quite charming. But, I must say, I prefer the miser, though he is not as a rule half such good company.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Alsatians.

ALSATIANS have a bad name and deserve it. I make this admission reluctantly, since I love the handsome pair who so vehemently and unnecessarily defend my person, my house, and my garden. I should be grateful to them for pinning down a burglar in the isolated cottage I inhabit by night, but when they leap towards the wrist of an inoffensive guest who civilly advances to shake hands with me on arrival, I feel that their enthusiasm in my defence is not only misplaced but perilous. I may have few friends, but I don't want those few to get bitten.

My guests seldom like Martin and Martha. They see them only as angry growling wolves that have to be kept on the leash until they have accepted the presence of the stranger. Once they have accepted it they become friendly. They will then go and rest their noses on his knee in a manner which is rather alarming after his first reception. It is in vain that I explain that Alsatians are extremely sensitive dogs and that they probably wish to make amends for their initial mistake, he pats their heads with a still tentative and nervous gesture.

I am telling the truth when I say that they are sensitive. People who tell stories about their dogs are always bores, but at the risk of being a bore I must endorse the accepted belief that Alsatians are amongst the most sensitive and intelligent of dogs, extraordinarily receptive to the mood and intentions of the master. At moments they appear to be possessed of a power of telepathy unknown to most humans. Thus, although most dogs recognise the significance of luggage from force of association and realise that one is going away when they see the suit-cases brought out, Alsatians are the only dogs I have ever known who sense an imminent departure even before any signs of it appear, whether in the form of luggage or unfamiliar clothes. Ears are laid back, and a black misery descends. Martha, who is the more temperamental of the two, stands shuddering from head to tail, and will not be reassured. Martin, more practical, does his utmost to escape, since he knows that my absence will mean their being shut into the kennel. How do they know? Their knowledge can come only from the fact that in some curious way they are enabled to read my mind. And when I do return, and release them, they crowd against me, and almost hysterically tell me whimpering stories of the anguish they have endured. These stories go on for a long time, and really seem to be a desire to express something in a speech which is denied them. It is not merely the welcome one expects from one's dog after absence; it is a prolonged saga of sorrow which is apt to be renewed hours later whenever the dreadful memory of the separation revives.

Telepathy apart, their reasoning intelligence is also noteworthy. Thus Martin has learnt how to work the various latches on the doors. He knows that one type of latch has to be poked up by the nose, another type pressed down by the paw. He must have worked this out for himself, since I have never taught him. Indeed I would never have taught him so inconvenient a trick, which means only that I can now never shut him into any room without turning the key upon him. Martha, in spite of his example, has never learnt this trick, although in some ways more intelligent than he; in this, as in many other instances, Alsatians are noticeably individualistic: each dog's intelligence is no guide to the special form of cleverness he will develop. I find, however, that both of

them exhibit the faculty of association to a degree which would rejoice the apostles of behaviourism. The moment they hear me put the cap on my fountain pen they stretch and get up, knowing that that is the signal for going out. It is a tiny sound, and I have often tried to cheat them by screwing it on very silently. They are never deceived. For a long time I thought that their sense of hearing must be preternaturally acute; I then discovered that they had also observed the preliminary gesture of taking off my spectacles.

They are thus strange dogs to deal with. The mixture of reason and emotional temperament is confusing, contradictory, and leads one to the conclusion that all Alsatian dogs ought to be severely trained and disciplined. One cannot allow a dangerous animal to think for itself beyond a certain point. One cannot allow large dogs to decide for themselves which of one's friends they will bite and which they will not bite. Such temperamental sensibility must be directed into habit-forming channels of routine, and as Alsatians adopt habits of routine very readily a good habit is as easily formed as a bad one. Train them, in fact, never to bite anyone at all. But then what are they to do when they meet the burglar? Wag their tails and lick his hands? To differentiate would surely be putting a strain on powers of discrimination even beyond the reach of an Alsatian.

All this is saying much about their nuisance-value but nothing about their beauty. Aesthetically, they are sharp, clean, fine. An Alsatian taking a leap over a gate is like a young athlete in perfect training; a javelin-thrower, a discobolus, an archer. For this reason, I less like to see them in the characteristic scramble over a higher obstacle; I like the long, streamline clear jump, and then the clean, quick landing and the immediate stretching of strong limbs across the field. Alsatians seem to possess an instinctive feeling for their own decorative beauty.

A son of Martin and Martha also lives here; he still has the loose legs of puppyhood and is so pale and silvery in colour that when he hangs with crossed paws out of a mullioned window, surveying the landscape, he looks like a ghost-dog mounting guard in the casement of some rose-red pre-Raphaelite manor. This habit of his is not inherited or copied from either of his parents, but is entirely his own invention. Or does it descend to him from some ancestor in the tales of the brothers Grimm?

I rather hope that these most unprofessional notes will not attract the attention of the Alsatian League, of which I am a member.

W. SACKVILLE-WEST

COMPLAINT AGAINST LADY NOVELISTS

THEY are, said Anthony West, in a recent reviewing of their works, infatuated with "the personal equation" and their infatuation "implies that the private mind has a value equal to the universe and all it contains." Quite so, replied the lady novelists in the persons of Mesdames M. E. Mitchell and Daphne Nicol, quite so, it has. "There is surely no abstraction," they wrote, "which does not reach its maximum significance in the individual at which point it ceases to be an abstraction and begins to be important." It is men "who are willing to march to an annihilation for abstractions" and because of their willingness have brought the world to its present pass. Thank God, then, they conclude, for the lady novelists, who concentrate on the concrete reality of the individual mind. This reply seemed to me extremely formidable, so formidable indeed, that I felt for a time very discomfited. Being, however, naturally prejudiced against lady novelists, I knew that there must be something wrong with it somewhere, and I accordingly set to work to find out what it was. This I now believe myself to have discovered.

First, as to the philosophy of the matter, it is of course the case that there is a perfectly good epistemological theory which issues in the conclusion that only minds exist: and another, not quite so good, which affirms that we can only know our own minds. I denominate these theories more or less good because so many eminent philosophers have maintained them. For my part, I hold them to be plainly fallacious. I do not, however, propose to point out their fallacies, here, partly because I should require some volumes for the job, partly because it does not appear to me that Mesdames Mitchell and Nichol hold them. On the contrary, they appear to believe themselves to know all manner of things besides individual minds—Germans, for example, and Herr Hitler and abstractions and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The mind, then, they admit by implication, can know things and can concern itself with things other than itself, its own ideas, emotions, moods and experiences. The question is, should it do so, should the minds of good novelists do so, and should the minds of their characters do so; and, if they should, with what other things?

I might here pause to take up the charge that men's minds concern themselves with abstractions, concern themselves so intimately that they are willing to "march to annihilation" for them. I prefer, however, to parry this thrust in passing (1) by remarking that if the men march, the women make boots for them to march in, give them white feathers for not marching, and as often as not march with them; (2) by asking who voted Herr Hitler into power? Answer, between 60 per cent. and 70 per cent. of his supporters were women; and (3) by pointing out that ever since we gave women a share in our world of abstractions by presenting them at their own urgent request with the vote, the abstractions have gone from bad to worse. Having disposed of this attack, I return to my questions, and more particularly to the question, what should be the concerns of the minds of the good novelists and the good novelists' characters? The Lady Novelists reply, the relations between men and women. "Personal relations," they cry with Helen Schlegel in *Howard's End*, "are the real life for ever and ever." And so in infinite detail they set to work to record and to analyse the feelings reciprocally entertained by the members of a small circle of middle-class persons, recording with such scrupulous care, analysing with such ingenious subtlety, that the merest nuance of a soupçon of a hint of an intimation of a shift of A's attitude to B, or of a heightening or a lowering of X's emotion for Y, is faithfully and lovingly registered.

Now there are to-day at least a dozen lady novelists of first-rate ability engaged in this sort of thing. I have read them with dutiful admiration, even with awe—how is it possible, I have wondered, that human beings can know, how is it possible that they can have time to know so much about each other?—but I have read them also with an immense boredom. What is more, when I have finished them, my mind proceeds as rapidly as it can to disembarrass itself of the psychological lumber with which it has been cluttered. For these pre-eminently are books which, once read, are never remembered.

Why are they not? Because their characters are in no sense memorable, and they are not memorable because, taking them by and large, they do not act and they do not think. The omissions are serious and I propose for a moment to dwell upon them. Take first, action. The novel should not, I conceive, merely concern itself with the presentation with character; it should also—I have Aristotle's word for it—seek to portray character in action. As I write there pass before my mind the titles of the novels by lady novelists that I have really enjoyed, have enjoyed and remembered. They are, in their different degrees, all of them novels of action; *Wuthering Heights*—how the characters do act!—*Maurice Guest* by Henry Handel Richardson—a personal love affair is presented against a background of musical life in which the playing of one's first public concerto is an event which, for the time being, puts all his pains and raptures out of the lover's head—*South Riding* by Winifred Holtby, in which personal relations crystalise within the matrix of County Council administration. Even in *Persuasion* there is that exceptionally exciting affair on the Lyme Regis Cobb. I conclude that

it is only if characters make rich and varied contact with life in action that they acquire interest as characters. Now the characters of the lady novelists aim continuously at self-knowledge, and the object of their novels in so far as they may be said to have an object is to force the reader by contrast or sympathy to discover himself. But the recipe for being an interesting person is precisely the not being interested in oneself as a person. Self-interest and self-absorption not only make people unhappy; they make them dull. The self, like any other organism, must be crossed with things other than itself before it can flourish and can become fruitful; it must be fertilised by external interests; and harrowed by diversity of experience. Otherwise it grows poor and thin, and presently withers away. Thus the chief drawback of the introspective and self-absorbed life is that the introspected self loses interest, even as an object of introspection. Make self-cultivation your aim and you cannot but be bored with the contemplation of an object made boring by your preoccupation with it. If the best recipe for "interestingness" is not to have enough leisure to wonder whether you are interesting or not, it follows that novels whose interest lies in the record of the characters' reactions to one another will be as dull as the people whose reactions they record. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "of the exaltations and depressions of your mind you love to speak and I hate to hear!" Quite so.

Not only do the characters of the lady novelists not act, they also do not think. They think, no doubt, in a fashion. In the nineteenth century they thought about whether A would marry B or C; in the twentieth, about whether A will go to bed with B before marriage or after. They think, that is to say, about other people, but they do not think about the universe. Now most good and memorable works of art are the vehicles of an underlying philosophy. Something is asserted about the cosmos, not directly, but by implication through the actions of the characters. The Greek dramatists sought to reveal the moral machinery of the universe; as its wheels rotate, *hubris* is followed by ἄτη, while Nemesis waits upon those who grow too big for their boots. Hardy presents his characters against the background of a universe which is fundamentally indifferent to human welfare. The workings of this indifferent universe at times further, at times thwart, human endeavour, but they further without intention and thwart without malignity. Or men and women are depicted as puppets twitched into love and war by an invisible showman who pulls the strings.

Tolstoy in *War and Peace* is concerned to emphasise the determinism of the processes of history in which human beings are the instruments of forces which they do not initiate and cannot control; while his later novels are vehicles for dissertations upon the importance of the virtues described in the Sermon on the Mount. Shaw seeks to show the workings of creative evolution; Swift, the evil in the heart of man.

Examples could be multiplied indefinitely. While the great writer, conscious of a world order is inspired by an irresistible urge to comment, to denounce, to convert, or to convict of sin, the lady novelists are moved by a curiosity to savour and appraise individual relationships as a woman handles stuffs on a much-littered counter. You may be impressed by the expertness shown in the appraisal; but the process finished, there is no effect. Now I am unable to rid my mind of the conviction that a work of art should have an effect. It should leave us different from what we were when we came to it, different because of the vision by which our own has been illuminated, of the outlook through which our own has been enlarged. For what, it may be asked, is the object of reading unless something definite comes of it? Why read history, philosophy, biography or ethics unless it affects your own life and action in the present? Why read poetry or fiction unless, as a result, one sees more beauty, more passion, more scope for one's sympathy and interest in the world than one saw before? In short, the success of a book must be measured by its effect on the daily thought and action of its reader. The good book is one that excites thought, stimulates the sense of duty, helps to an understanding of one's fellow creatures, throws light upon the problem of conduct or the nature of the universe; it is in this sense that the good book has its effect. But when characters are occupied in recording and analysing their reactions to one another, then there is no effect and the reader would be better employed in playing a ball game.

C. E. M. JOAD

RILKE

I CARESS the electric cat or chide a child
Not with a hand or tongue that makes them immortal
As did that hand which, stroking the caged panther,
Shaped an eternal: not with pity or passion
But with an eye that drove beneath a beauty
To that which, troubled, trembled child and tiger
Made monumental by his X-ray gaze.

Love, lost in the terrible desert of his desire,
Hid in the mirages of poems: also angels
Whom none of us can see behind their fire,
Spoke to him, opening their television bosoms;
So he, doctor to whom the world was glass,
Saw God as matter. His Rontgen vision
The tear not misted, nor the star did dazzle.

When I am cluttered with the hands of things
That tatter me with their tearing and my terror,
Whom shall I cry to, from my daily torture,
But him who placed his gaze upon the wheel
Like oil or crown? Stark in the centre
Rilke stands, still as pivot round which turns
The screaming rim on which I too am bound.

GEORGE BARKER

THE PROMENADES

THERE is nothing to be said about the first three concerts of the Promenade season which began at the Queen's Hall last Saturday. The opening night is always a jubilation at which the promenaders and Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra greet one another with mingled effusion and gratification. On Monday the series of Wagner nights began, and on Tuesday that popular favourite Richard Tauber sang a number of Schubert songs, and this Schubert concert reminded one of the regrettable fact that Schubert did not write a pianoforte concerto. In its place, therefore, on that evening Mr. Louis Kentner had to play a Liszt concerto (No. 2 in A). Liszt, in truth, is more suited to his pianistic gifts than Schubert, but I think every pianist must deplore this gap in the music written for his instrument left by Schubert.

This week (Thursday, August 17th) is the occasion of the first performance in England of Arthur Bliss's new pianoforte concerto, and also of the first London performance of *Illuminations*—two songs with string orchestra by Benjamin Britten. I shall have something to say about these compositions later; in the meantime I can only comment on the general character of the Promenade programmes this season and the nature of the new works which are to be performed. This year the novelties are not conspicuous in quantity whatever they may turn out to be in quality. British composers are fairly well represented. There are works by Vaughan Williams (including his Symphony in F minor), Frank Bridge, E. J. Moeran and William Walton, but no new composition by the latter although his Symphony and his Suite Façade No. 2 are included. But apart from the Bliss and Britten items above mentioned, the only novelties are an "Essay for Orchestra" by Samuel Barber, whose name is unknown to me, but who I conjecture may be an American; a Fantasia in A minor by Arwel Hughes and "Five Variants of Dives and Lazarus" for strings and harps by Vaughan Williams (on Friday, September 15th). In addition to these there are several intriguing double items consisting of: (*a*) an alliance between Lord Berners and Mr. Constant Lambert in a work

entitled *Caprice Peruvien*; (*b*) a Suite of Catalan Dances entitled *Mont Juic*, which is apparently the joint production of Mr. Lennox Berkeley and Mr. Benjamin Britten; and (*c*) a *Concerto Pathétique* for two pianofortes and orchestra, described as by Liszt-Lee Pattison.

The latter comes within the more orthodox class of dual-author works, namely, that in which a living composer has taken as the basis for a new composition a theme from some other composer or has adapted a complete work for other instruments than those it was originally conceived for. Cases of actual collaboration between composers have been at least as rare as cases of collaboration between novelists, and much rarer, I imagine, than in the sphere of dramatic art. Indeed, I doubt whether outside playwriting there has ever been an outstanding instance of successful collaboration. In poetry collaboration may be said to be non-existent, except in the case of translation. No doubt FitzGerald, for example, is entitled to be considered a part author with Omar Khayyam of his famous poem, but there is no parallel to this in music. Mere attempts to complete unfinished works have been much less successful in music even than in poetry. There is, for instance, no counterpart to Chapman's continuation of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* in music. The most notorious effort of the kind was the attempt—stimulated by the offer of a large money prize made by an American gramophone company—to obtain a completed version of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. Numbers of professional composers throughout the world competed in this effort, and although the prize was duly awarded and the finished "Unfinished" symphony was duly performed, as was undertaken by the donors, it has never been heard of since.

I look forward, therefore, with no little curiosity to these several compositions of joint authorship which we are to hear during the Promenade season. In general the programmes this year are drawn up on the rather conventional lines we have become accustomed to during the past few years. Personally, I do not complain of this, for the main purpose of the Promenade season is educational. It offers to the vast London public a magnificent library of the classics, in what we may describe as good standard editions unbowdlerised and more or less correctly printed. This is its principal task. Its only other important function is (*a*) to offer to British composers performances of their works, and (*b*) to offer to young British singers and instrumentalists opportunities to appear before the public and develop their abilities as soloists. How well it is succeeding in these respects we shall be able to judge better at the end of the season.

I may as well take this opportunity of mentioning the approaching Three Choirs Festival, which this year will be held at Hereford Cathedral. It begins on September 3rd. Elgar's *The Kingdom* will be given on September 5th together with a new work, *Elegy*, by H. Brent Smith. On Tuesday evening Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is the principal event. On September 6th Bach's Mass in B minor and Vaughan Williams's Pastoral Symphony fill the programme. On the 7th there are new works by George Dyson and Vaughan Williams, and on September 8th Haydn's *Creation*.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"A Young Man's Fancy," at Leicester Square
"Golden Gloves," at the London Pavilion
"Un de la Légion," at the Curzon
"It's a Wonderful World," at the Empire
"Les Disparus de St. Agil," at the Polytechnic

OF *A Young Man's Fancy* the less said the better. Miss Anna Lee is a charming lady but she is almost as English as it is possible to be, and her Irish accent has a spurious quality which even the puerility of the story cannot startle one into forgetting. In ordinary circumstances one would be safe in saying that this was the worst film of the week, but *Golden Gloves* comes on at the London Pavilion on Monday, so there will be some doubt after that day. *Un de la Légion* would make it three were it not for a pleasant performance by Fernandel, the George Formby of France as a contemporary remarked. So far as this film is concerned, the remark isn't nonsense: Formby becomes a gym instructor or a soldier very much in tune with an official voice bawling "Keep Fit" or "National Defence is Your Business," and there isn't much doubt that Fernandel is in this film because the French Government would like more Frenchmen to engage in the Foreign Legion. This underlying motive gives the film something of the blankness which belonged to the News Reels a few weeks ago which showed the cosy rest rooms, the glittering canteens, and the tiled showerbaths that were being prepared for the lads who were going to have such fun in the Militia. They can be compared to the News Reels running now which show Lord Gort slip-slopping through the mud in a drizzle-slimed mackintosh to peer with all the good will in the world first into a row of cookers ("*certainly* looks delicious," says the voice, and the camera looks coldly at potatoes bumping in boiling water) and then at a row of wooden popeyed faces. The casting gives point to this feeling, the tough, expressionless men, the loosening drink-puffed faces of the tarts are obviously not of this world of white painted barracks, clean bed linen, and good comradely fun. Nor do the excursions in lovely country carry much conviction as warfare—one notes with passing distress that the Legion tends to bunch on the skyline in accordance with the profound death wish of all democratic soldiery. In spite of two delightful scenes, one with a man like Hitler and a lunch-basket, another with a doctor and a goose feather, Fernandel cannot do anything with this recruiting poster.

It's a Wonderful World is from a story by the elfin Ben Hecht, and it naturally has the Peter Pannish charm associated with all his work. Tough as nails and witty, occasionally in quite a grown-up way, an adventure story is slung at you with terrific speed, horseplay, and noise: jumps off moving trains, hair's-breadth escapes, nick-of-time arrivals, and girl-plus-money for the hero at the end, make it the ideal solution for junior's birthday treat. Specially if junior is at the awkward age after thirteen and demands adult entertainment while being bored by it. But between Mr. Hecht's notion that bad manners are a good joke and the director's idea that a joke gets funnier the louder you shout it, even the best lines and the funniest situations lose much of their appeal to the older moviegoer. Incidentally embedded among the shorts of the Palace of the Ma Hurrah of Udaipur in fuzzycolour and one of those unspeakable cartoons with a theme of "Seenohweevil Heernohweevil Spekenohweevil Naow," there is a Benchley lecture on *How to Eat*, which is very funny indeed. If only it was Benchley who was playing with Miss Colbert in the big picture instead of the roaring problem child that charming actress finds herself embracing at the end of the day.

Les Disparus de St. Agil is for younger children, up to twelve say, and is about as good a school story as one could ask for. The secret society that doesn't peter out into boredom, the school sensation that doesn't whisper on into anti-climax, a sliding blackboard leading to a forger's workshop, an art master forging *Mille* notes for the headmaster, and a whole conspiracy including a murder unmasked by a pupil already sentenced to expulsion; all these things are made plausible by realistic photography and intelligent casting. The action is exciting, the mystery obscure, and a delightfully seedy and quarrelsome set of masters are put in their places by a set of agreeable and plausible boys. Von Stroheim carries too heavy a burden of sinister association for the filmgoer to convince as a kindly schoolmaster, but he should go down well with the children; Serge Grave and Jean Claudie are two child actors who appear to have no trace of the affectation and loathsomeness natural to the breed. The English titles are adequate, and one can excuse the occasion when Master Claudie's clear voice says "cocu" and the word "henpecked" floats below. But I fear it is only the little ones who will get real pleasure from this week's pictures.

ANTHONY WEST

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, August 20th—
Fabian Summer School, Third Week. Subject: "Democracy and the Social Services."

MONDAY, August 21st—
"Dawn at Sunset," Embassy.
"The Fanatics," Q.

WEDNESDAY, August 23rd—
Opening of Radio Exhibition, Olympia.
"Spotted Dick," Strand.

PEACE AND WAR AIMS, 1939

SIR,—Such a discussion of peace and war aims as you have proposed has its dangers at this ambiguous moment which is neither peace nor war. It may mislead the Germans by suggesting to them that we are weary of maintaining a defensive front against their rulers' ambitions. It may also mislead ourselves, for it may encourage the delusion that if only we could convey our kindly purposes to the German people, it could somewhat contrive to tame its Nazi rulers and modify their external policy. That (if you can pardon a dogmatic assertion) is past praying for; first, because the German moderates have no means of concerted action, and secondly, because the avowed aim of Nazi policy is not national well-being, but racial self-assertion and the exercise of power.

The most obvious risk is that if we press Mr. Chamberlain to state his peace-aims, he will respond, not in our sense but in his. In return for some lightening of military burdens, he will offer the Germans a variety of economic bribes, ranging from a loan to the joint exploitation of Africans and Chinese. But this, I take it, is emphatically what you do not mean. To Hitler, if I read him aright, such bribes are merely irrelevant. His aim is not profit but power. But if he were to accept them, the effect would be to prolong his rule, and to delay both the liberation of the German people and the lifting of the nightmare that oppresses Europe. The first step towards realism in any discussion of this kind is to face the fact that any concession whatever to the Axis Powers must thwart the realisation of those central purposes. The more we concede, the longer will these dictatorships endure. This, even at the risk of overstatement, the Opposition ought to emphasise. For we suspect, though we cannot prove it, that a prime cause of the weakness of the Tories during the last six years has been the fear lest by inflicting a defeat on either of the dictatorships they should give the Italian or German Left their chance.

This said, may I warmly support Herr Otto Strasser's argument? Our weakness is that against dynamic Powers fired by a positive ambition, we are static, aimless, and on the defensive. The most advanced of us have turned Conservatives, who aim at nothing further than the maintenance of our own liberties and those of our few free neighbours. We shall acquire the will to survival and to victory only when we adopt a positive and progressive programme. This must be, as most of your correspondents agree, the creation, at least in a rudimentary form, of a quasi-federal super-national government. The way to do it, as I urged in your pamphlet, "Towards a New League," is to take as its basis the Anglo-Franco-Russian Alliance, and to add to its military foundation an economic and colonial superstructure. It should attempt to plan the economic inter-dependence of its partners. It should take over and develop, for the good of their inhabitants, their dependent empires. Gradually it should evolve a machine of federal government. Its doors must be open to all who will accept its obligations and its aims. The test for membership should not be, as some propose, devotion to political democracy on the Western pattern, however desirable that may be. The relevant test for any federation is rather a readiness in certain fields to surrender national sovereignty and to bow to some authority that can define the common good. The qualification, in short, is the profession of an international outlook.

To this ideal we have first to convert our own countrymen and our partners. Until it is realised, it will have no effect whatever on German thinking. Once it is realised, its record of benefits will act as a mighty magnet across frontiers.

Here, if we must think also of "war-aims," is the only positive gain that might compensate posterity, if not this generation, for the horror and loss of another general war. Unless we win sympathy for it now, and conceive it as including the German people liberated by revolution in the hour of defeat, we shall find ourselves involved, when war does come, in yet another struggle for imperial power and another effort to fetter and dismember the German nation. For our own good and that of posterity, let us concentrate on this objective, be it peace aim or war aim. But it would be a mere delusion to suppose that it can make any appeal to the present rulers of Germany.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Monks Risborough, Bucks.

SIR,—On November 8th, 1917, the Soviets appealed for an immediate peace, without indemnities or annexations. They also recognised the right of all nations to self-determination. I submit that this was and is the only possible long-term peace policy.

What does this mean in the present situation?

First, the prevention of further acts of annexation, by taking the necessary political, economic and military preventive measures. This is the aim of the Soviet proposals for a Pact without loopholes. This is the policy which Chamberlain flatly rejects.

Even now, given such a policy, economic action alone could put an end to Japanese aggression, and it could be made practically impossible for Hitler to threaten any further European territories for many years to come.

Secondly, and this appears to be the question under discussion, what next?

Here, I feel, we are liable to go seriously astray if we assume that the Pact would not affect also the *internal* situation in the Fascist States.

The effect of the Pact would be (*a*) to stimulate the resistance of all potential victims of aggression, of actual victims such as China, and of those now temporarily subjugated (Austrians, Czechs, Spaniards, Abyssinians, Albanians, etc.); and (*b*) to stimulate anti-Fascists into greater activity both in the democratic and in the Fascist countries. The effect would be therefore an enormous blow at the Fascist regimes, probably decisive in bringing about their overthrow. Certainly, without their overthrow, there can be no lasting peace.

We must therefore look to the "Peace aims" as being the conditions for peace between democratic and anti-Fascist governments throughout the world. But such governments, being anti-Fascist, would be likely to accept our proposals for a peace without annexations, and to recognise the right of nations to self-determination. Therefore the question of colonial concessions simply would not arise.

What we have to show to the peoples of Germany, Italy and Japan is this: First, we will not stand any further aggression and we shall take the necessary economic and political, and in the last resort military, measures to prevent further aggression. The signing of the Soviet Pact would be the best proof of this to-day. Secondly, we must make it clear to them that we are ready to assist them to get rid of Fascism, and that we shall do everything possible to prevent intervention or "non-intervention" to restore Fascism, should they be able to overthrow the present Fascist regime. Finally, we must put our own democratic house in order and recognise, on our own territory, the right of nations to self-determination.

Clearly such a policy is the very reverse of all that the Chamberlain Government stands for.

Therefore the operation of a real peace policy by Britain depends on our getting a different type of Government, or on our bringing such pressure to bear on Chamberlain that he pursues *our* policy instead of his own. This, of course, would be the prelude for replacing him by *our* government.

The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that a nation-wide campaign for the Pact *now* and to get rid of Chamberlain *now* is not being conducted by the Opposition.

PAT SLOAN

49 Dunsmure Road, N.16.

SIR,—The article under this title in your issue of August 5th argues that "Britain should lay down the terms on which she could now envisage a *modus vivendi* for the German peoples in Europe." You do not suggest the terms which you have in mind; but your reference to Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Arthur Salter indicates your approval of "share-out" proposals which appear to me to be merely "appeasement" rather thinly coated with a spurious internationalism.

This is not to be wondered at, because the basis of your argument necessarily leads to appeasement. The Peace Bloc, you say, is "merely to hem Germany round with a wall of steel"; hence you argue that some other "positive peace policy" is necessary. Otherwise, you say, war or surrender "now seem the only alternatives."

This is in effect to say that the Peace Bloc cannot be a deterrent to German aggression, and therefore we have to choose between war or surrender. With this startling point you argue for a small surrender (dressed up as a "positive peace policy," "a clear constructive alternative," etc.) instead of a big surrender.

In my view, the Peace Bloc is *the only* positive peace policy. It means the restoration of international law and the safeguarding of all nations, big and small, from war; it opens the way for peaceful and friendly relations between all nations, and encourages normal trade.

Above all, it will strengthen the working class and democratic resistance to aggression within Germany itself, and weaken the present rulers, *not strengthen them.*

The alternative—concessions in any form—can only strengthen the present rulers, encourage them to further acts of aggression, and lead more certainly to a new world war.

By all means let us make it clear to the German people that there will be no aggression from the Peace Front, and that the only danger of war arises from the policy of aggression proclaimed by Hitler. Let us make it clear that the present acute economic difficulties of the German people arise from the war preparations which are due to this policy of aggression. Let us make it clear that the restoration of international law, and the complete abandonment of aggressive designs, is the basis for a halt to the armaments race and therefore for the lightening of the burden on the German as well as other peoples. But don't let us help Nazi propaganda, and make it easier for Mr. Chamberlain to put across further instalments of "Appeasement," by putting forward "peace terms" which ignore the realities of the situation.

Take, for example, the question of giving Nazi Germany a share in exploiting the colonial peoples, which is the essence of Mr. Bevin's proposals and is put forward in various forms by some correspondents in your issue of August 12th. Such a proposal, however hedged about with conditions—international control, mandates and so on—means helping to spread Fascism *now;* to the extent that the proposal wins support among the Labour and democratic sections of the people, it weakens resistance to appeasement *in very different forms from what the supporters of the proposal intend.*

This is quite apart from the fact that, if the proposal were to be carried out, it would mean in reality spreading Fascism to the colonies, breaking down even the elementary democratic forms won in some of them, and giving Hitler and Mussolini new reserves of colonial troops for the next act of aggression.

No, we shall not help to establish peace by any "peace terms" of this kind. The Peace Bloc *does not yet exist,* and will not exist if those who might be joining in the campaign for it are diverted into a campaign for Nazi red herrings. Let all Labour and democratic people in this country concentrate on winning the Peace Bloc, and making it a reality when it has been won. This means a continuous fight against Chamberlain and the whole policy of appeasement for which he stands. A Peace Bloc and a People's Front Government in Britain would be the most effective way of encouraging the German and Italian peoples to resist the aggressive plans of the present rulers of those countries.

The Communist Party HARRY POLLITT
of Great Britain,
16 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

[Like us, Mr. Pollitt wants a peace front and we agree that it does not yet exist. But how can you form a peace front unless you know clearly and constantly repeat the aims and objectives which the front is to stand for? It is no use repeating the old slogans of "peace" and "democracy" without giving them content. The common man wants to know what alternative we propose to the Nazi domination of Europe, other than the *status quo.* So does the German people, who will remain passive under Hitler until they see an alternative. To shout for encirclement without saying what the alliance is for is one way of helping Goebbels.

All "negotiations" with Hitler in which the U.S.S.R. does not take part are likely to lead to disaster. We suggested none and neither did Sir Arthur Salter. Mr. Bevin has stated in public that he was not in favour of any sharing out with the dictators. Our own thesis is very simple—that within the non-aggressive countries Socialists must think about their direction as well as their armaments.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Having held His Majesty's Commission since I was nineteen, and having served the Crown for twenty years, I hope that I may be acquitted of any lack of belief in the future of the nation to which I belong and whose servant I still am. Having played my part from 1914 to 1918 as soldier and administrator, having seen many and experienced some of the miseries of a war in which I lost two brothers and many dear friends, I hope I may be pardoned both for advocating comprehensive measures of conciliation, even if on a superficial view they involve retreat from some untenable positions, and war to the utmost limit if they are rejected.

It appears clear to me that the arguments of those who oppose any move towards a settlement are overshadowed by the mountainous mass of things as they are. If the mass is set in motion a landslide must follow which would crush the combatants on both sides. Encirclement, even if it were effective, is not a policy: it is merely a manoeuvre which may, or may not, be effective in supporting a settled policy.

Such a policy must take into account many other factors than Germany's aims and present attitude, with which alone I am here concerned. This in turn involves three main problems, all of which we can help to solve.

They are (*a*) *The Jewish problem,* the ramifications and repercussions of which now poison the political and economic relations of European nations and taint the atmosphere necessary for negotiation and concession upon which Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax lay great stress;

(*b*) *Lebensraum,* Germany's need of a privileged export-area comparable to those of the British or French, Dutch or Belgian Empires, or those of Japan, the U.S.S.R. or the U.S.A. Without it they claim no great manufacturing country can survive. Until Germany gets it she is bound to be a disturbing factor. This *Lebensraum* is already, and must continue to be, in Eastern Europe;

(*c*) *The inferiority complex,* aggravated by the circumstances in which the Treaty of Versailles was concluded. This makes of the return to her of some of her Colonies, a test, in German eyes, of her equality of status among Great Powers.

Germany's responsibility for each of these problems is very heavy, but it is not in every case hers exclusively. Whether it is great or small is, however, not in point. These problems must be faced, remembering that the consequence of failure to solve problems peacefully is war. Once hostilities begin, the question of responsibility interests no one but historians.

Britain and France say to Germany: "Prove by deeds that we can trust you: then only can we negotiate." Germany and Italy reply, in effect, "Prove by deeds that you will make room in the world for us, new-comers with growing strength. You have both reached a point of territorial expansion greater by far than your needs, and beyond your strength to hold. We obtained no redress when weak; we will not risk a conference unless we know *in advance* that we shall get something by argument that you refuse to force. We have less to lose in a conflict than you have."

In a sane world, Germany should certainly take the first step, but her leaders lack the courage to do so: the inhibition is psychological: it is a sorry confession for a nation, and for men who boast that their system of government enables them to take the initiative regardless of public opinion, but it exists.

Are we then to wait on events; to arm until some incident plunges peoples, pathetically eager for peace, into a war which will destroy so much that we all hold dearer than our own lives? Can nothing more constructive be done than to show our rivals that we are more resolute, better equipped, financially stronger, and more likely to stand a long holocaust than they?

Surely the reply should be that, in Ruskin's words, England is still honoured among the nations "in her strange valour of goodwill towards men"—for fairmindedness and justice, for a relative detachment, only lost for a time, from the sectional and usual quarrels of Europe. We are bound by the outcome of two hundred years of expansion to be in some measure the giver to a Germany compelled, by the events of the last twenty-five years, to be the asker. "Let not England," said Milton," forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live." We must not allow the bad manners and threats of the plaintiff to blind us, as judges in our own cause, to the element of justice in his claims. We must take the lead, not fearing critics of appeasement, nor decrying those who have the courage to tell their countrymen that our destiny may, if we have the strength to give from a sense of justice, be greater than it can ever be if we stand still because we dare not move.

What practical steps can we take? I suggest that the Government should publish a formal Declaration of Policy, announcing that if Germany and Italy will cease to rely solely on force, which we will meet by the same methods, we are prepared:

(*a*) In collaboration with Germany and other Powers to initiate

and sponsor a scheme for Jewish settlement on a large scale, beginning in British Guiana. (Even Dr. Weizmann does not claim that Palestine can take over 100,000 more Jews.)

(*b*) To recognise Germany's and Italy's special economic position in the Danube Valley (more especially in Roumania, Hungary and Slovakia) and to forgo most-favoured-nation or other treaty-rights in this area, provided only that resultant advantages or barter-agreements are not used against the independence of the countries concerned. Germany and Italy to recognise our vital need for and therefore our right to unrestricted free passage through the Mediterranean, and our consequential vital concern in the independence of all countries south of the Danube.

(*c*) To offer as a solution of the Colonial problem progressive Internationalisation of the African Colonies.

Such an unequivocal statement, particularly if the ground be prepared in advance, could not be rejected, as was President Roosevelt's call to a World Conference, offering no concrete basis for negotiation or hope of settlement of the grievances of the Axis Powers. It would prove to the rank and file in every country in Europe that we were ready to act on our sense of justice and not merely determined to hold by the sword what we long ago gained by the arts of peace.

The first reaction might be unfavourable: that is perhaps inevitable in the present state of tension, but if persistently pressed upon Herr Hitler and Germany's leading statesmen, as a way out of the impasse into which they have led the world, I believe that it will gain acceptance.

Italy, too, has her claims, but they are mainly against France and are not incapable of adjustment.

The reward of the British and French statesmen, who are bold enough to try appeasement once more, will, in my belief, be the appearance on the horizon of peace where to-day only the clouds of war can be descried.

The nation's youth is not decadent: indeed the generous ardour of the Militia and Territorials has impressed foreign opinion more than all our money and all the speeches delivered in Parliament. These unassuming youths are a mirror in which foreigners have seen, for the first time for many years, the true face of Britain. *Exaltavit humiles.* "He hath exalted the humble." They must not be thrown again into the furnace of war, unless and until all possibility of compromise is not only past, but past beyond recall. *Noblesse oblige.* The initiative, whether for peace or for war, remains, in my judgment, with Britain.

ARNOLD WILSON

Correspondence

ULSTER AND EIRE

SIR,—I had always regarded the shutting out of Catholics from the higher Judiciary, the "jerrymandering" of the constituencies, and the abolition of the system of proportional representation as conclusive proofs that the Orange caste in Northern Ireland was unfitted to be entrusted with the government of its political and religious opponents. Now, as a result of the new light thrown by Mr. Ervine on these matters, my eyes have been opened. It is true that, of the five Judges now composing the Supreme Court of Northern Ireland, not one is a Catholic. But then the Catholics have a County Court Judge. Surely that ought to be enough for them. As a matter of fact, humiliating as the admission must be for a Catholic, one begins to suspect that if, in an area where Catholics are more than a third of the population, not even one Catholic can find his way into the higher Judiciary, the only true explanation must be that there is something in the Catholic's make-up or education which handicaps him in the race for legal honours. And now that I think of it, there can be very little doubt about this, because the Government of Eire, although notorious for its intolerance and persecution of Protestants, has nevertheless been obliged to give four of its High Court judicial appointments to Protestants. It could not even find a Catholic for the Presidency of Eire—the highest office in the land. No, it is clear that we shall have to acquit the Craigavon Government of the charge of closing the Judiciary to Catholics. The Catholics simply haven't brains enough to get there—that's all.

Mr. Ervine has shaken me almost as badly on the abolition of proportional representation. Putting aside the reference to what Mr. De Valera may or may not have said on the hustings, which I am sure Mr. Ervine, after consideration, will admit can hardly affect the rights or wrongs of what has been done in Northern Ireland, I think I am correctly interpreting Mr. Ervine's remarks in assuming that when Lord Craigavon abolished proportional representation he came to this momentous decision only after prayer and fasting coupled with a profound and exhausting study of Constitutional law. The fact that the abolition of proportional representation would incidentally reduce the representation of his political opponents could never have influenced the decision of the Noble Lord. No doubt this happy coincidence came as a surprise to him, long after he had passed the Act. If he had become aware of it earlier he would probably never have gone on with it. Another explanation of Lord Craigavon's action, equally creditable to him, suggests itself to me. It may well have been that, sensitive for the good name of his Orange co-religionists, he keenly resented the doubts as to their tolerance implied by the British Parliament in inserting in the Government of Ireland Act this offensive provision for safeguarding the rights of minorities. Only half-baked political theorists at Westminster, poisoned by Catholic propaganda and notoriously biased in favour of the Nationalists (especially in 1920) could have got it into their heads that there was anything so abnormal in the relations of the political and religious sects in the Six Counties as to call for the cumbersome checks and safeguards of proportional representation. I must confess, however, I have a sneaking regard for P.R. with all its drawbacks. It puts a brake on political thuggery. But of course this was hardly necessary in Northern Ireland.

Finally I must say I really am impressed by Mr. Ervine's handling of the old charge of "jerrymandering" the constituencies. I am afraid we will have to admit that there has been "jerrymandering"—"redistribution of seats in the interests of good government" would be a more respectable phrase but a little too clumsy for regular use, so we will have to stick to the more succinct if rather vulgar "jerrymandering." I am with Mr. Ervine, however, when he says: "What of it?" If the Nationalists won't sit in Parliament anyhow, what does it matter whether they are jerrymandered out of it or not. There are those who say that a Government which has torn out of its Constitution the chief safeguard against minority oppression, which has cynically rigged its electoral areas to secure the maximum representation of Unionists and the minimum representation of Nationalists, which has used its spurious majority so acquired to make an assault on civil liberties such as has not been attempted elsewhere in the British Commonwealth, which is in fact a Gang and not a Government, is one with which no self-respecting Nationalist could associate himself. But such people are cranks, and with them one does not need to waste one's breath.

JOHN J. DUNNE

Kildare, Eire.

SIR,—In Mr. St. John Ervine's letter my name is mentioned thrice in terms which leave no doubt that my letter to you (in your issue of July 29th) has occasioned him some displeasure. It might appear discourteous to withhold a reply.

Now amidst the one hundred and sixty-nine lines which set forth his views I cannot find a single one which expressly challenges the accuracy of any statement of mine or which attempts to deal with the double question which I ventured to put to your more judicially minded readers. I am, therefore, left in possession of the field in spite of Mr. Ervine's lively efforts in the controversial skirmishing line far distant from the central objectives whose capture spells victory. He is content, perhaps, with having demonstrated the complexion and fervour of his political emotions. And I am content in the retention of an apparently inexpugnable argumentative position regarding the matter under discussion. So be it.

I wrote "there has been in Northern Ireland, and still is, oppression of and hostile discrimination against the Nationalist Catholic minority on religious and political grounds. . . . The evidence proving religious and political oppression is too well established to need any proof here. The Report [1936] of the National Council of Civil Liberties is too well known." The deplorable policy which expresses itself in measures of this type is morally responsible for episodes such as one reported this last week in Belfast where a magistrate had occasion to punish members of a crowd which, singing "God save the King," mobbed and molested some small schoolchildren and the nuns in charge of them.

I also wrote "nor can the financial favouritism" [i.e., by the British Exchequer] "which supports this bad system be denied," and proceeded to state (in virtue of statistics which can be easily

proved) that for the last nine years Northern Ireland has made no net contribution " to War Pensions, the National Debt, the Civil List, the upkeep of the Army, Navy and Air Force and the other common services of the United Kingdom of which it is an integral part." In these circumstances, which remain uncontroverted, it is not surprising if, during the same period, " the number of Post Office Savings Bank accounts in Ulster [sc., Northern Ireland] " have risen," as Mr. Ervine states, " from 63,012 to 81,539, the average balance per account having risen in the same time from £18 14s. to £25 9s." Thus it is seen that the spoon feeding by the British Exchequer of this " special " or " distressed " area of Northern Ireland has not merely kept the economic invalid alive, but has led to the accumulation of a little desirable fat in portions of its social tissues. Thus, too, it is seen that it is at the cost of the British taxpayer that the bad system of religious and political oppression remains in being. HENRY HARRISON

Dublin.

TIENTSIN

SIR,—May I, as one who lived and worked with Chinese for twenty-three years in British Malaya, and has Chinese friends and correspondents there and in China, point out with all the emphasis of which I am capable the fatal and lasting results which will follow the handing over of the four Chinese suspects detained in the British Concession at Tientsin?

Much has been said by Lord Elibank and others as to the disastrous effects on Chinese currency if the silver deposited in the banks there passes into Japanese control. Judas sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver; we are selling four Chinese lives in the hope, probably a vain one, of keeping 30 million dollars (or whatever the figure is). The Japanese commander was told that we could not hand the men over unless a *prima facie* case was made out to the satisfaction of an independent committee of three members, one British, one Japanese, and one American. No doubt the Japanese would have agreed to this had there been any evidence worth the name. May I stress how disastrous the effect will be to this country both now and in the future, both in China and in Burma and throughout British Malaya and indeed the whole of Asia? Hitherto the Chinese may not have liked us, but they did believe in our sense of justice in criminal matters. They will do so no longer.

The grounds for this lamentable reversal of our decision are set out in to-day's *Times*, supported with a good deal of hesitation in its leading article. According to the correspondent on the spot, " *the Japanese have been slow in producing their extra evidence.*" This, I unhesitatingly say, as a lawyer formerly practising in the Far East, means that time was necessary to manufacture it. He continues: " Lately the Japanese declared that they had further evidence *but did not want to produce it in Tientsin, 'where it would immediately be spread around to everyone.'* " In other words, where there would be a possibility of rebutting it, as long as the accused remained in British custody.

Further comment is unnecessary. The good name of Britain (or face, as the Chinese call it) has been dragged in the mud, which nothing in the future can wipe off. The Japanese will say and the Chinese everywhere will believe that we have yielded to threats, and British prestige—and trade—will have received a blow from which they will never recover. DAVID FREEMAN

P.S.—And what will be the reaction in the United States?

96 Priory Road, West Hampstead, N.W.6.

"FIRST AID FOR THE ARTIST"

SIR,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer mentions that for twenty years up to 1936 the city of Leeds spent not a penny of the rates in purchasing pictures, although the administration of its picture gallery eventually cost the city £6,000 a year.

In this city we go farther than that. In the 1939 edition of the Birmingham Official Handbook it is stated that " it is the boast of Birmingham that no object in the city's collections has been purchased from the rates." These collections were begun in the 'sixties, and the annual administrative cost had reached, in 1931, about £13,340. M.

Birmingham.

PURGE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

SIR,—The article in this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on " The Purge at the Colonial Office " contains at least one statement that needs correction. May I point out, as one who has had first-hand experience of the colonies mentioned, that in West African administration the development of constitutional rights has not been as slow as the writer of the article imagines? There are unofficial members, representatives of the trading community, on all the Legislative Councils of the four West African colonies, and I can remember the occasion, some years ago, when a banker was the chairman of a committee of inquiry set up by the Government of the Gold Coast Colony. JOHN D. BATES

THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE

SIR,—There are few people so completely destitute as the handful of Spanish refugees who were lucky enough to be able to get to England, and thirty-eight of whom are now living in Hove. Yesterday, however, one of them came to me and handed me 18s. which they had collected among themselves, to be sent to the National Memorial Fund for the disabled men, widows and orphans of the International Brigade. Their sacrifice means that many of them will have to go without cigarettes in the coming week, but they wanted so much to show their gratitude to those who went to help Spain in her hour of need. Surely their example should spur us on to make sure that the £20,000 needed will swiftly be raised.

Girton House, Kingsway, Hove. JOHN S. PEET, Secretary, Spanish Refugee Home, Hove.

MISS BRADDON AND RHODA BROUGHTON

SIR,—I am at work on a new book which includes studies of Miss Braddon and Rhoda Broughton. I should be extremely grateful if any of your readers would allow me to see any letters which they may possess or if they could give me any information about these two authors. Any information or documents will, of course, be treated with the utmost confidence and care.

Raymond Savage Limited, Princes House, 39 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1. HERBERT VAN THAL

DOUBLE SHELL is the ONLY oil used and recommended by HUMBER, HILLMAN and SUNBEAM-TALBOT

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Question : Define a Happy Day.

Answer : A Happy Day is social rather than mystic or ecstatic in character, and it should contain an element of surprise and consequently prove to be somewhat happier than it had been expected to be.

Question : Give examples from literature.

The candidate hesitates, lays down his pen, and gazes at the bookshelves. Which of those novelists, essayists, dramatists, epic and lyric poets, have introduced a happy day as above defined? It is a recognisable human experience: what use of it has been made by those masters who explore the heights and depths of human life, without neglecting its shallows?

Examples are to be found, but they need looking for. "Go not, happy day, From the shining fields" will not do. It is ecstatic and sexual; lover and maiden have met outside time; and it is tragic, ringed with despair and defiance, the fields will not shine after sunset:

> What care I
> Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl,
> The countercharm of space and hollow sky?

Happiness may be intensified in the abyss, but it loses the quality which our candidate requires for his answer. Nor will the similar passage in Richard Feverel suit him, though bathed in a mellower light. That famous, or once famous, chapter is, again, a love-duet, and it is too short, only running into three pages, and the sun sinking. Wordsworth? Wordsworth had many happy days and remembered them vividly, but they were embalmed with intimations of immortality: the cliffs and islands of Winander are not based upon common earth: the rocks and woods and the uncertain heaven of boyhood are reflected in the lake of eternity. Dante? He believed that happiness lasts only for ever, and what use is that? The Happy Day is only valuable to Dante because remembrance of it increases the pains of Hell. Perversity of the tragic outlook! And Chaucer? Here we shall get some help, certainly. Those days between Southwark and Canterbury really were happy ones, if a trifle rotarian, and the variety of the company and of their reminiscences did compensate for the absence of surprise.

Chaucer suggests that examples are more likely to occur in books whose authors are mild and tolerant. The Jane Austen expeditions offer themselves for review. Box Hill was not a success, no more was Sotherton or the drive towards Blaize Castle or the walk along the Cobb. But the strawberry-feed at Donwell and the sketching ramble round Bath were not bad, and the visit of Elizabeth Bennet to Pemberley ranks very high indeed. Here all the elements in our definition are included. The day is of a social rather than of a mystical character, for Uncle and Aunt Gardiner supervise it, and it is pleasant even as planned: to travel in style in Derbyshire, to pry over a great mansion in its master's absence, seems diversion enough. Then the surprises begin, and in a delicious crescendo: the portraits of Wickham and of Darcy himself are observed; the housekeeper, on learning that Elizabeth knows her young master, treats her with increased respect; and the climax almost, though not quite, turns the day to ecstasy: Darcy's unexpected return. He is here in the grounds, he starts winning Elizabeth on his own soil, and nothing could exceed his courtesy to her uncle over the matter of some fishing tackle.

The only drawback to the Pemberley day, as an answer to our question, is that it does not exist for its own sake: it looks towards the future and towards married bliss. We are quite sure, even if Elizabeth is not, that she will soon own those rocks and woods and cliffs herself, and be giving orders to that curtseying housekeeper. Can a day be found whose happiness is pure, coloured neither by reminiscence nor by expectation? Yes, there are at all events two such days, and one of them occurs in most unexpected surroundings: in the poems of Crabbe.

Silford Hall; or the Happy Day is one of the Posthumous Tales. Crabbe did not think highly of it; he took the MS out of "a recess" at Trowbridge where it had lain for many years, and published it in 1831 for the amusement of his son. It is not a great poem, and it will only satisfy those who care both for Crabbe and for the society he depicts—a society now vanished for ever. It is—well, the description is bound to sound feeble—it is about a village boy called Peter Perkins. His father is the schoolmaster. A small account is owing from the Hall, and Peter is instructed to ride there, and get a stamped receipt from the bailiff. This he does and he is glad enough to do it; the stamped receipt is obtained without difficulty, and the happy day has so far gone according to plan. Then comes the first delicious surprise. Just as he turns to go:

> A lady enter'd, Madam Johnson call'd
> Within whose presence stood the lad appall'd.
> A learned lady this, who knew the names
> Of all the pictures in the golden frames:
> Could every subject, every painter, tell,
> And on their merits and their failures dwell;
> And if perchance there was some slight mistake—
> These the most knowing on such matters make.

She offers to show him round, in the absence of the Family, and sends him for a feed in the stables first. Trembling with happiness, he rejoins her: all his life he had longed to get inside Silford Hall and see the galleries and the books and the "stone figures shaped like naked flesh and blood" about which his mother has gossipped. The moment comes, the well-assorted couple start, and we go with them round such a mansion as Houghton still is in Norfolk, and between beds and furniture which must have been made by William Kent, and past pictures by Titian and Claude and even Gerard Dow:

> 'Tis a famed master's work—a Gerard Dow
> At least the seller told the buyer so.

One of the pictures represents Potiphar's Wife. The gallery is empty, the young villager handsome and spotlessly dressed, and the housekeeper cannot help asking him whether he would have been "so peevish and so coy" in Joseph's position:

> Our hero answer'd, with a glowing face,
> "His mother told him he should pray for grace."

Madam Johnson frowns, wants to laugh, does not know how, and doesn't try it on again. After that salutary check

> She pass'd the offensive pictures silent by,
> With one reflecting, self-reproving sigh.

They go to the chapel, the billiards room, the library, open chess boxes, finger guns and rods, pass great mirrors in which Peter sees with delight not himself but his clothes: no looking-glass at home is big enough to show more than his face. They discuss the aristocracy—and here the social sensitiveness of Crabbe comes out well. He was very alert about rank: he was poorly born and a natural hanger-on, but he kept his head, and Madam Johnson's comments on her employers, though deferential and snobbish, have a welcome touch of acidity:

> Tis not for us
> Their Honours' inward feelings to discuss

she says, after coldly cataloguing their elaborate amusements, and she points through a window at an under-gardener who is whistling at his work, and getting plenty of pleasure out of life with no apparatus.

When the tour of the house ends, Peter takes a stroll in the grounds:

> I am so happy and have such delight
> I cannot bear to see another sight

and falls asleep in the park. However, the Happy Day contains still more surprises. The dinner-bell rings, and he actually goes to eat in the Servants' Hall, "a welcome guest at Madam Johnson's side," with Mistress Kitty on his right and Lucy opposite, and groom, butler, footman, laundress, coachman, cook, all in their right places. Earlier in the day, he would have been terrified by such eminent company, but he has gained confidence, and

> Wine, fruit and sweetmeats closed repast so long
> And Mistress Flora sung an opera song.

The poem transfigures a personal experience. Silford Hall is Chevely, near Newmarket, where Crabbe may have called as an apothecary's apprentice, and where he certainly stayed in later years when he was chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. His own memories were often bitter, owing to the turn of his mind, and it is only when he becomes poet and creates charming, sweet-tempered Peter that he can transfigure them, and give us a happiness which is common in life but surprisingly rare in books :

> Of ladies' maids as ladies' selves who dress'd,
> And her, his friend, distinguish'd from the rest,
> By grandeur in her look and state that she possess'd.
> He passed not one : his grateful mind o'erflowed
> With sense of all he felt, and they bestowed.
> He spake of every office, great or small
> Within, without, and spake with praise of all—
> So pass'd the happy Boy that Day at Silford Hall.

Here, then, seems the perfect answer to our question. But it is not quite perfect, for the reader, as he potters after Madam Johnson, sometimes chafes for freedom, and longs to send Peter Perkins galloping over the lawns or hanging his hat on the busts of Jupiter.

Question : Give an example of a Happy Day in which freedom is included.

Answer : The day in *War and Peace* where Natasha rides out to visit the Uncle. E. M. FORSTER

THE SECOND THOUGHTS OF PRESIDENT WILSON

Woodrow Wilson, Life and Letters. Vol. 8. By R. S. BAKER. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

This volume concludes Mr. Baker's Life of Woodrow Wilson. Once again as in volume seven he has chosen the detailed diary form ; and although this method gives us a valuable insight into the President's daily life, it makes the task of the reader who wishes to disentangle the essential material unnecessarily difficult. Nor does it have the advantage of completeness, since far too many of the documents are printed in a highly abbreviated form.

All the same the industrious student can form a fairly complete picture of Wilson at the height of his career. Once again I was struck by the strange mingling in his character of idealism and partisan politics, and was shocked to see the great administrator, who decided to win the war off his own bat, too often transformed into the petty dictator who could delegate no authority and suspected that every Republican's patriotic co-operation concealed a political manoeuvre to push him out of power.

There is no doubt that the President, who one day told the engine-driver of his train that there were countries too proud to fight, was unduly sensitive to suggestions that he might be content with peace by negotiation. His previous pacifism drove him into a puritan belligerency which is not unfairly represented by this passage from a message to teachers.

> Under your instruction children should come to see that it was the high logic of events and the providence of God that the United States and Germany, the one the most consistent practitioner of the new creed of mankind and the other the most consistent practitioner of the old, should thus meet in battle to determine whether the new democracy or the old autocracy shall govern the world.

What stung him most in the autumn election campaign was the taunt of the Republicans that he was weakening in his determination. But in spite of this inevitable failing, the chief impression one gains from the study of these months of his life is of his astonishing perspicacity when a problem first presented itself to his mind. Here, for instance, is the outline of post-war reconstruction which he gave to his brother-in-law, Dr. Axson :

> The world is going to change radically, and I am satisfied that governments will have to do many things which are now left to individuals and corporations. I am satisfied for instance that the government will have to take over all the great natural resources. What does that mean ? That means it will have to take over all the water power ; all the coal mines ; all the oil fields, etc. They will have to be government-owned.

And here is his warning to those who urged the formulation of a precise constitution for the League of Nations :

> My own conviction, as you know, is that the administrative *constitution* of the League must *grow* and not be made ; that we must

Facts

ABOUT TRAVELLING ON THE

Empire Air Routes

Practically all the available passenger accommodation from England along the Empire air routes has been sold for some months ahead. Any passenger who already has a seat on these services will be able to travel The accommodation on the homeward-bound services is not so heavily booked and there are still seats available

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Imperial Airways Ltd., Airways House, SW1. VICtoria 2323

Stuarts

begin with solemn covenants, covering mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity (if the final territorial agreements of the peace conference are fair and satisfactory and *ought* to be perpetuated), but that the method of carrying those mutual pledges out should be left to develop of itself, case by case. Any attempt to begin by putting executive authority in the hands of any particular group of Powers would be to sow a harvest of jealousy and distrust which would spring up at once and choke the whole thing. To take one thing, and only one, but quite sufficient in itself: The United States Senate would never ratify any treaty which put the force of the United States at the disposal of any such group or body.

The trouble was that Wilson was too good an academic to be true to his political flair, too hesitant in action to realise his prophetic vision. His overbearing manner and sour suspicions masked an inner insecurity which made him fatally liable to compromise his principles when faced by skilful men of action. I have traced in this book five major mistakes of policy which he made. In all of these his second thoughts at the moment of practical decision cancelled the correct judgment which he had formed when action was still uncalled for. The first concerns the constitution of the League. For months Wilson fought against precise formulas, and in an interesting letter to St. Loe Strachey, written on April 5th, he repeats the arguments quoted above. But on July 16th Colonel House hands over to him the draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations and after that we hear no more of the dangers of precise formulation.

The second error was in his policy towards Russia. As late as July 17th, he was holding out against interference:

> It is the clear and fixed judgment of the Government of the United States, arrived at after repeated and very searching reconsiderations of the whole situation in Russia, that military intervention there would . . . injure her rather than help her, and that it would be of no advantage in the prosecution of our main design, to win the war against Germany.

But gradually the men of action prevailed, though here Wilson's antipathy to Socialists and Bolshevists undoubtedly played a part. The third error concerns the Fourteen Points. Colonel House's memorandum, whittling them away in the interest of the Allied Powers, was accepted by the President, and a perfect instance of his weakness is to be found in his surrender to Lloyd George about the freedom of the seas. After saying in private a few days previously that he was prepared to state before Congress his disagreement with the European Powers, he suddenly climbed down on October 1st and wired a private message to Colonel House:

> I fully and sympathetically recognise the exceptional position and necessities of Great Britain with regard to the use of the seas for defence both at home and throughout the Empire and also realise that freedom of the seas needs careful definition and is full of questions upon which there is need of the freest discussion and the most liberal interchange of views, but I am not clear that the reply of the Allies quoted in your 12 definitely accepts the principle of freedom of the seas and means to reserve only the free discussion of definitions and limitations.

This is an illuminating instance of the working of Wilson's mind. In fact, he has capitulated entirely to the British demands, but he conceals that capitulation from himself by pretending that he has retained the principle and modified only its details.

The fourth error arose in regard to the terms of the Armistice. On page 521 Mr. Baker records the President's comments on the proposed terms. At this date Wilson clearly saw that these terms were not merely military but had political objectives and in a telegram to Colonel House he stated:

> My deliberate judgment is that our whole weight should be thrown for an armistice which will prevent a renewal of hostilities by Germany but which will be as moderate and reasonable as possible within those limits, because it is certain that too much success or security on the part of the Allies will make a genuine peace settlement exceedingly difficult, if not impossible.

But once again his courage seems to have deserted him, for the final terms were those of Marshal Foch, not those of Wilson.

The fifth error was with regard to the place of the Peace Conference. Before the decision had to be made, he saw the danger and suggested Switzerland. But on November 7th, he wired to Colonel House:

> On second thoughts it occurs to me that Versailles may be the best place for the Peace Conference, where friendly influences and authorities are in control, rather than Switzerland, which is saturated with every poisonous element and open to every hostile influence in Europe.

There was only one vital issue in this period upon which his first and second thoughts coincided, and that was the party political appeal which he launched just before the elections in order to ensure a Democratic majority in Congress. Here, from the first, partisanship blinded his judgment, and Mr. Baker has collected enough material to prove conclusively that this tragic error of tactics was entirely the result of the President's personal pressure. Dr. Axson in a long conversation (pages 242–3) tried to persuade him to treat those Republicans active in war administration as friends, and Colonel House also indicated his dissent from running an election on purely party lines. When President Wilson presented the first draft of his manifesto to the Democratic party leaders, they found it too bitter and one-sided; and even his wife, who urgently requested him not to publish it, could not dissuade him from the course which more than any other single factor resulted in America's refusal to join the League. When the result of the election was known, Wilson stated in a letter to a friend: "If I erred, it was merely under the impulse to be frank with the people I am trying to serve." The man who wrote that sentence was no hypocrite; he had deceived himself.

Already in this volume, which seems to show Wilson at the height of his powers, we can see the reason why he will fail when he goes to Versailles. There he will meet with men as adroit as the Republican leaders and will negotiate with them in the name of a people which has already rejected his claim that he is their personal and special representative. That Wilson should have gone to Versailles in these circumstances is amazing until one realises that the great prophet of democratic world order was a weak and narrow-minded man of action.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY

A Handbook of Freedom. Chosen by JACK LINDSAY and EDGELL RICKWORD. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 6s.

In an age of handbooks, after the *Handbook of Hanging* and the *Handbook of Marxism*, it is only right that there should be a *Handbook of Freedom*. Perhaps one day somebody—Wyndham Lewis?—will compile another *Gull's Hornbook*, a proper guide-book for the intelligentsia, or rather the near-intelligentsia, to the intellectual fashions of our time. Messrs. Lindsay and Rickword are, needless to say, concerned with something much more serious. Freedom, as every schoolboy knows, is the knowledge of necessity—that is, of our needs. Thus, as Edgell Rickword points out in his introduction, the world to-day, and indeed of every other day, is rent not so much by ideological differences, as certain interests would have us believe, as by the question of "the weight and quality of the loaf which citizens can get in exchange for similar units of working time." The greater part of this collection, which ranges from Alfred the Great to Willie Gallacher, is therefore taken up with man's struggle for the loaf, for the right to sufficient bread to keep himself alive.

Any record of the struggle for freedom, whether the freedom merely to subsist and, having gained that, the freedom to think as one likes, must also be a record of the suppression of freedom. For as soon as any popular movement has grown sufficiently strong to threaten the interests of the ruling minority, a corresponding weight of suppression, gaining in ruthlessness or insidious efficiency with the very movement of liberation itself, comes down to squash it. Tyranny grows by what it feeds on, and its favourite food is the free spirit of man. Presumably such a record as this of all those who have been hanged, drawn and quartered, burnt or lost their ears for their convictions, or simply in defence of the most elementary human rights, is designed *pour encourager les autres*.

In the earlier sections the editors are hampered by the scarcity of documents, just as in the later chapters they are embarrassed by their multiplicity. They have therefore confined themselves as far as possible to the kind of thing that is not to be found in the ordinary history book. It is a good thing to have collected together such full accounts, however prejudiced, of the great Peasant Revolts of 1381 and 1549, as they have come down to us in *The Anonimalle Chronicle* and Alexander Neville's *Norfolk's Furies*. The pages covering the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras are, curiously enough, rather weak. There are no quotations from Thomas Harriot's book on Virginia which, to say the least, provides a better example of the methods of early colonisation than *The Tempest*. And the editors might have given us a few more of Marlowe's "damnable opinions." Still more unfortunate, in this respect, is the omission of any reference to the very illuminating evidence given at the Royal Commission on Atheism in 1594, which sat to inquire into the religious opinions of Ralegh and the suspicious activities of his School of Night. One short

From a ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTOR IN WEST AFRICA..

"Dear Sirs,

It may interest you to know how much your tobacco is appreciated in a certain remote corner of Africa.

"In the course of my duties I travel long distances by native canoe up the highest reaches of the River Benue. These journeys take me through country where the only visible inhabitants are baboons, river birds, crocodiles and hippos. But loneliness on such occasions is greatly relieved and spirits enlivened by Barneys Punchbowle.

"On opening the tin it is always a great comfort to be certain of finding the contents in perfect condition. A cool, clean smoke of fresh tobacco is everything to a pipe-smoker in the tropics.

No Tobacco leaving Britain's shores is *more* welcome Overseas than Barneys, "friendliest of all tobaccos." Smokers are for ever telling us how much Barneys in its "EverFresh" tin means to them in the lonely places of the Earth. Letters from this cheery brotherhood of Outdoors have made Barneys *unique* amongst tobaccos.

To-day we reproduce the gracious tribute of a noted Broadcasting Zoological Collector whose quests for specimens take him into the very heart of darkest Africa. Reading his letter, one realizes what Barneys means *to him:* the utter joy of *good* tobacco, always in *perfect* smoking condition.

BARNEYS TOBACCO

Three strengths: Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full strength*). In the world famous "EVERFRESH" Tin, 1/3½d. oz. "READY-FILLS" for perfect pipe-filling. Cartons of 12, 1/3½d.

A Cigarette as good as Barneys Tobacco

Barneys Virginia—a high-class cigarette in everything but price.

10 for 6½d.

(251) **Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.** ®

When a doctor frankly admits . . .

NUMBER THREE OF A NEW SERIES

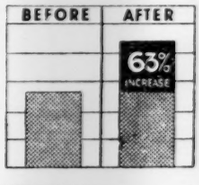
"I'll admit that medical science doesn't advance as quickly in some fields as in others", says the modern doctor. "But everywhere we are making some advance. After all, our average expectation of life is 10 years longer than it was 30 years ago. It is odd how often the new sciences justify the old practices. Take nervous health, now. Long before Biochemistry taught us *how* 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food works we knew that it *did* work. Biochemistry simply showed us that the two elements of which 'Sanatogen' is composed—organic phosphorus and protein—are the elements upon which healthy nerves and vigorous blood depend."

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food supplies this essential organic phosphorus and protein in a form that *everyone*, young or old, can absorb easily. Listlessness and 'nerviness' therefore are certain signs that you need a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It will give you new energy. It will provide the vitality which is your surest safeguard against fatigue and illness.

'Sanatogen' is not a mere stimulant. It will not give you back unbounded energy overnight. If you are very run-down it may take as long as eight weeks to completely restore your strength and vitality. But the good it does is positive and lasting. 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food won't work miracles—but it *will* work wonders.

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food improves nerve-nourishment by 63%.

Experiments carried out by Gumpert and an English M.D. attached to King's College Hospital, London, have shown that in addition to its own wealth of phosphorus, 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food helps you to absorb more phosphorus from ordinary diet as well. In only six days 'Sanatogen' produced an improvement of 63% in the phosphorus actually retained.



'SANATOGEN'

Brand of Casein and Glycerine-Glycerophosphate

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Registered Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire. A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT.

quotation from Ralegh's *The Sceptic* only makes us wish for more. The section on the seventeenth century is, however, excellent. We might with advantage have been given more Bacon, though one is grateful for the generous reprint of the documents relating to the demand for democratic control in the New Model Army and Cromwell's suppression of the Levellers. The splendid vigour and eloquence of Milton's impassioned pleas for intellectual liberty, with their cry: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties," are as timely now as when they were first uttered.

The most brilliant chapter is that dealing with the revolutionary epoch, 1770–1825, with such things as Byron's speech in defence of the Luddites in the House of Lords, the splendid indictment of the Duke of Wellington from *Don Juan* and the eloquent pages of Hazlitt, Cobbett and Paine. 1825–1860 again brought great working-class insurrections all over England, at a time when attempts to form trade unions were still punished by transportation and when the attitude of farmers towards their labourers was summed up by the gentleman of Kent who said: "Ah, I should be well pleased if a plague were to break out among them, and then I should have their carcases as manure, and right good stuff it would make for my hops." The chapter dealing with the period 1850–1914 is less successful, doubtless on account of the wide stretch of time covered. But it does give a picture of the less golden side of the "Victorian Apogee" and the days of Edward the Peacemaker, that lead directly up to the outbreak of the war and the wave of great strikes that preceded it. This section could have been made more representative by a reference to the prosecutions that followed the publication here of Zola's novels and the work of Havelock Ellis; nor is there any mention of the Suffragette movement, surely a more serious omission.

It is, however, easy enough to point out omissions in a work of this nature, especially as one cannot hope for more than an outline of the struggle for democracy through twelve centuries in 400 pages. The editors set themselves to compile a book which would be not only a monument to the dead but a message to the living, "an essay towards an understanding of the strategy of social advance," and on the whole it is an admirable achievement.

PHILIP HENDERSON

EXPLAIN THAT JOKE

In Praise of Comedy: A Study in its Theory and Practice. By JAMES FEIBLEMAN. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

As books on aesthetics go, this one is very readable. To the usual objection, of Chesterton and others, that books about humour are rarely themselves funny, Mr. Feibleman points out that it is not their place to be; detachment is essential and we should as reasonably expect books about sex to be sexy, or—Mr. Feibleman's example—about water to be wet. And theoretically at least, Mr. Feibleman is right in saying that a bad joke may serve the object of analysis as well as, and perhaps better than, a good one. Freud in his essay on wit did not consider the standard of the witticisms he was investigating; for his purposes a witty remark, good or bad, was merely a tic of human behaviour. Nevertheless, an author has to be exceptionally interesting to justify so austere a method. Mr. Feibleman, who does not pretend to original discovery, relents and quotes a number of passages which are excellent comedy. With the title, in *praise* of comedy, he could hardly do otherwise. A section on the comedy of everyday life, and the Marx Brothers in particular, reveals several jokes which will be new to English fans. Groucho walks into a room full of people smoking and remarks, "Pardon me if I don't smoke." That is the perfect Groucho beginning, and hasn't, so far as I know, been used in any of the films. "Have they sawed the woman in half yet?" sounds well from an operating theatre. And to the young lady who observes that it will be impossible for him to remain longer in a closet he replies, "Just remember, my little cabbage, if there weren't any closets there wouldn't be any hooks, and if there weren't any hooks there wouldn't be any fish, and that would suit me fine." Any book containing such pearls is readable; but I must point out that Mr. Feibleman has not compiled an anthology of humour; his subject is the aesthetics of comedy, and good jokes, though welcome, are by the way.

In the history and theory of comedy with which he begins, Mr. Feibleman discovers two divergent views, which occasionally meet. There is the view that comedy is subjective and springs only in the mind of the spectator; there is the view that comic situations exist independently. For most critics comedy has implied an apprehension of the "difference between what things are and what they ought to be" (Hazlitt), between achievement and desire, between trifling accidents and the machinery of fate. Hobbes devised the term "sudden glory" to describe the abrupt release of comic discovery. Among moderns, Bergson with his argument that man is comic "in exact proportion as his body reminds us of a mere machine," seems the most arresting. Mr. Feibleman summarises very lucidly the conclusions of various thinkers, without however seeming to be quite satisfied with any of them.

In the next section he propounds his own ideas. For the most part, of course, they are pieces fitted together from other sources. The points on which he insists are that we must consider comedy as something existing outside the laugher's imagination, and that comedy affirms an ideal logical order by ridiculing everyday fact. It seems a persuasive commonsense view, and Mr. Feibleman develops it in a number of ingenious and striking ways, but what in fact is this "ideal logical order" which comedy hints at? Logical order? That seems to me difficult to sustain. A better world, perhaps? With some comedy we get a feeling of *n'importe où hors du monde*, of Cockaigne, but quite as often we find ourselves reconciled by the comic to the world in which we live. Mr. Feibleman illustrates some of his argument from Chaplin and the Marx Brothers; I happened to visit the Holborn Empire last week, and tried to approximate his theories to the practice of Mr. Max Miller. That beaming comedian, the best East-ender the halls have seen since Marie Lloyd, captures the audience with his confidential high spirits and low meanings. He struts to and fro in plus-fours of flowered silk, hums sentimentally "In all my life . . ," gazes hurriedly at the wings and calls to the audience behind his hand, relates a dubious anecdote and explains afterwards how it has been done. "Clever, eh? It's not the joke but what I put in the middle. See? They can't get me. Everything has a double meaning. . . ." Well, one thing Mr. Feibleman has omitted in his argument about comedy is high spirits—I don't think Max Miller's exuberance affirms any "ideal logical order"; it is a large opalescent bubble floating on the surface of things as they are. Another omission—rather curious because it would tend to support Mr. Feibleman's theories—is the explosive value of sex. Max Miller would be lost without it. He wears the plumage of a peacock at mating time; his confidences are helped out by winks and nudges of a remarkable variety. In a sense, no doubt, this rigmaroling is a criticism of sexual taboos; but again, I doubt another of Mr. Feibleman's assertions—that comedy is essentially intellectual. He tends to forget the element of mimicry, of play-acting, of pure nonsense, whether it is solemn in surrealism or romantic in Edward Lear. "To play the giddy goat" does not seem to me an action springing from the intellect at all; and a good deal of comedy is surely playing the giddy goat at a high level.

But Mr. Feibleman is well worth reading. He writes at some length on contemporary humour and brings into the same net Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabelle* (where he catches the accents of "the new divine comedy"—a stock highbrowism, I'm afraid), Mickey Mouse, Charlie Chaplin and "Prince" Romanoff, a romantic New York masquerader of whom I hadn't heard. In a book so full of examples there is no point in signalling omissions, but I wish he had found space for Thurber, the most original of new humorists and the most baffling to critics.

G. W. STONIER

POPULATION AND PROGRESS —INDIA

India's Teeming Millions. By GYAN CHAND. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Interest in population problems has been lively in recent years, but it has been divided between the fear of declining numbers in Western Europe and the claim for *Lebensraum* advanced by Germany, which is not really a population issue at all. So a book on India is welcome, as it brings us back to a genuine problem of population pressure, the problem on which population theories have been built up since the time of Malthus.

Professor Chand gives, on the whole, a sensible and lucid explanation of what is meant—or may be meant—by saying that the population factor is a cause of economic distress or a barrier to economic progress. When, however, he argues that, because during the last sixty years the population of India has increased

more slowly than the population of Europe, therefore the Indians are not a specially "prolific" people and over-population cannot be a major cause of poverty, his reasoning becomes obscure. Probably he has unintentionally misused the word "prolific," because his own figures show that the Indian birth-rate is about three times as high as that of the United Kingdom, in spite of the fact that one-seventh of the women of child-bearing age are "socially sterilised" by the ban on the remarriage of widows. The slow increase of the population is due to the high death-rate. The expectation of life is about 27 in India as compared with 62 in England and Wales. But so far from these facts proving that over-population is not the cause of poverty, they are exactly the conditions we should expect to find in an over-populated country where the population has reached the limit that can be kept alive by the existing system of production. The typical symptoms are a high birth-rate, a high death-rate, a total that fluctuates violently from year to year according to the incidence of plague and famine but remains fairly stationary on the average, and great poverty. That is exactly what we find in India.

But even if a reduction of the population would be beneficial to India it certainly could not by itself produce the degree of social betterment to which Professor Chand aspires. For that far-reaching reconstruction is necessary, and, after surveying possible methods of increasing the output of agriculture and industry and finding them discouraging, Professor Chand concludes that the birth-rate must be lowered and the rate of growth checked if the reconstruction is to be brought about. He is optimistic about the possibility of carrying through the social revolution necessary to put India on a three-child-family basis. He is even more boldly optimistic in thinking that, when this revolution has done its work, the birth-rate can be voluntarily raised again enough to prevent continuous population decline. His optimism seems to be based on the great faith he has in the power of political freedom and self-government to solve problems insoluble under foreign rule. "That a free India," he writes, "would be able to do more for her people than India in bondage goes without saying." What he has in mind is nation-wide, constructive, economic planning. One wonders.

But even if Professor Chand's emotions have influenced his judgment of the future, his scrupulous fairness and wise caution in handling facts and figures deserve a tribute. When even mortality statistics are commonly 50 per cent. out and there are no figures of agricultural production for 44 per cent. of the area of the country, the study of over-population is a formidable task. Professor Chand has managed to be helpful and interesting without being reckless.

T. H. MARSHALL

THEY WILL LIVE AGAIN

Eyewitness in Czechoslovakia. By ALEXANDER HENDERSON. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

We Shall Live Again. By MAURICE HINDUS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There can have been very few turning-points in Europe's history as closely watched and as minutely reported as 1938's Austrian and Czech crises; but it is nevertheless remarkable how, in spite of the already groaning bookshelf, each volume that is published about them brings valuable new light to bear on this or that aspect of the enormous drama, and how much there is that one still wants to know. No one has yet written—it would have to be a Czech—the inside story of the Republic's own fifth column. And what would one not give for a day-to-day diary of September by M. Bonnet, or the Soviet military attaché in Prague, or President Roosevelt. Meanwhile, about certain crucial lines of policy and individual roles one has to make the best guesses one can from the mass of circumstantial evidence.

Both Mr. Hindus and Mr. Henderson have made useful contributions, particularly Mr. Henderson. He was not only correspondent for the *Daily Herald* during the whole period, but was also running the excellent English news service which the Czech Government supplied to all Anglo-Saxon journalists whose work was in any way connected with their country. While writing the greater part of his book, he thus had the fullest files of information to draw on, and as one would expect, *Eyewitness in Czechoslovakia* is by far the most complete sketch that has yet appeared of events between the Anschluss and Munich in that country, and forms an admirable reference book to have by one's side when reading other more personal stories such as *I Saw the Crucifixion*. His analysis of the real aims of the Runciman mission

This sunshine chocolate bucks you up!

IT GIVES THE FULL CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR TOO! You can taste the real chocolate flavour in Bournville. That's because Cadburys use only the finest beans, and blend them according to a secret recipe that gives the full flavour to the chocolate. Men particularly like this exclusive flavour. Ask for Bournville—*or try the selfsame chocolate blended with Fruit or Fruit and Nut. Luscious little nuggets of taste—embedded in the rich chocolate flavour—and extra nourishment too!*

THE sun-ripened cocoa bean is one of the most complete foods known. It is rich in iron and other valuable minerals. But you get much more than that in your block of Cadbury's Bournville plain flavour chocolate. It contains extra supplies of carbohydrates for quick energy: and the sunshine vitamin 'D.' No wonder Bournville Chocolate bucks you up! Try it yourself, to-day. 2 oz 2d.

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE PLAIN FLAVOUR CHOCOLATE

IN THE RED PACKET

Made at Bournville, the factory in a garden

seems to me particularly convincing, and he manages without passion to build up an even more damning case against the famous *Times* leader which advocated the cession of the Sudetenland than I have yet seen attempted. Apart from this, the most interesting chapter is that describing the undeclared war that went on between Czechs and Hungarians after Munich, a war in which savage battles took place and heavy casualties were inflicted without more than the briefest and most confused news trickling through into the greater part of the world's press.

I turned to *We Shall Live Again* with high hopes, as I had enjoyed and admired Mr. Hindus's books on Soviet Russia. Perhaps this was unfortunate, as it made me all the more critical and my disappointment was correspondingly keen. There are extremely interesting descriptions of Slovakia during the crisis, and of Father Hlinka's funeral; I would not have missed these, nor the picture of Prague and the way its people behaved while the country's fate was being settled behind their backs. But Mr. Hindus seems to me to be one of those people who became obsessed by the virtues of the Czechs and adopted an exaggerated idolising attitude towards the Republic, which I cannot feel will be of service in the long run to the Czech cause. The first part of his book is a general description of travels through the country. Everywhere he goes Mr. Hindus finds perfection, and he waxes lyrical about the solid middle-class virtues of everyone and everything he meets. In particular, he seems quite unable to get over the niceness of the hotels and the cheapness of the food; he repeats his delight at these discoveries so often, that one begins to wonder whether he ever understood the real Czechoslovakia, whose names he mangles in a wanton anglicising, in its light and shade, at all. The great patriarchal citadel, for instance, of Bata's works at Zlin appears as a model of human happiness and progress. There is scarcely a hint that this idyll might be marred by arms-profiteering and labour exploitation as in other capitalist democracies, however progressive they may be.

Reading these two books, one cannot avoid coming again to the humiliating conclusion that the year between March, 1938, and March, 1939, not only destroyed the independence of two small countries and undermined European security, but also reduced the worth of Great Britain's word to approximately nil. For every promise we can make now there is a promise broken in that year, for every principle we can invoke there is a case of that principle being violated with our connivance. They also remind one of another fact that seems to be forgotten curiously often in present calculations. There can be no "general settlement" in Europe without the Czechs regaining their independence; it is not simply a matter of justice, but of making a machine that will work. At the height of the crisis the Czech Government made a deeply moving proclamation to the people, in which it said:

> Our nation has in its history been visited by many catastrophes and disasters. Dire storms have passed over our land, leaving the earth desolate and hundreds of thousands of its people to starvation. Often it seemed that our people were uprooted and annihilated. Our history is written with blood; it brings pain to the heart and tears to the eyes. Yet our people have always risen up again. . . .

Is it possible to conceive of a peace that will last, as long as such a people are under a foreign yoke? England's own experience with Ireland should be warning enough.

JOHN LEHMANN

SOUTH OF THE CLOUDS

South of the Clouds. By GERALD REITLINGER. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

What a pity that so few modern writers have the hardihood or the means to travel widely, and that so few contemporary travellers have learned to write! The present traveller is an exception to this discouraging rule. In 1937, after a preliminary sightseeing tour which had taken him from Peking through the ravaged and desolate province of Kansu to the marches of Tibet, he decided to re-enter China by way of French Indo-China and Yün-nan and to visit the prodigious gorge of the upper Yangtze. Not many European travellers, either professional or unprofessional, have followed the same route. The great gorge which formed his main objective is as yet "unknown to atlases and published works"; but it is here that the roaring central stream of one of the world's longest and savagest rivers cuts for ten miles through the heart of the unclimbed Snow Mountain between precipices at some points nearly ten thousand feet in height. Mr. Reitlinger describes his experiences simply and modestly. He possesses an uncommon knack of conveying the quality of some particular moment—his first glimpse of the gorge, an encounter with Tibetan huntsmen on a lonely hillside—yet holding the reader's attention over stretches of narrative. Now and then, his prose is a little untidy and there are one or two sentences that suggest those hippogriffic monsters begotten by the parlour game of "heads, bodies and legs"; but on the whole the effects he produces are remarkably vivid. New landscapes are introduced to our imagination—rivers and rain forests and mountain villages—till our own memories and the impressions of the author-traveller seem to have become confused.

Impossible to follow his travels in detail. From Hanoi he went by railway to Yün-nan Fu. Thence by car, lorry and on foot to the singularly agreeable and prosperous little city of Li-Chang, situated in the shadow of the Snow Mountain:

> We climbed a second range wondering what sort of valley we should see beyond it. On the very crest we entered a region of market gardens and temples, and a compact city was unfolded before us, dropping gently down the mountainside in ridge upon ridge of curly roofs. The clang of artisans at work and the cries of children at play rose from it. There was the braying of Lama horns and the churchy dirge of monks in a temple. A sea of dragons and fishes waved their tails from the crests of the housetops, and the whole hung still and glittering in the winter sky.

At Li-Chang, the party hired muleteers and mules and set off to the gorge. On their way they had to traverse a rain forest twelve thousand feet up, composed largely of pines "as thick as the rare Elizabethan oaks which are held together with chains on village greens." In their shade lived

> . . . a stunted and embittered population . . . red-eyed and goitred. Some of them carried wild cats dangling on poles, which they had shot for the skins with little cross-bows. The cats were frozen very straight and stiff, but retained a drawing-room hearthrug look, more like tabbies than tigers. . . . Many trees lay felled, but others had been hacked half through and left to die standing. . . . As we bent low beneath the fallen trees we passed more company, some Tibetan horsemen in red cloaks with ancient flint-lock muskets slung over their shoulders, with hawks on their wrists and broadswords at their belts.

The gorge itself was as sublime as its approaches were sinister:

> Above the cairn an isolated boulder jutted out. I climbed to the top and there was the gorge in all its length: the Yangtze gleaming more than five thousand feet below and the white heads of the Snow Mountain fifteen thousand feet above it. The sight of that grim, black wall confronting us so suddenly produced a most violent physical feeling; it was like a narrow escape from a fatal fall or from being run over; it was an impetuous rush of all one's intestines into the throat. The most horrifying thing of all was the colour. The stone bared by this terrible volcanic fissure was a glittering blue, perhaps the colour of the half-cooled pre-vegetal world.

It is always difficult to review a work of travel from the literary rather than from the scientific standpoint without conveying the impression that the book consists of a stringing together of picturesque but unrelated episodes. Not the least merit, however, of Mr. Reitlinger's volume is the continuous level of interest he has been able to maintain and the clarity with which he describes his somewhat complicated journeyings. Nor does his subject-matter lack the shadings of contrast. Now the expedition was in touch with primitive and mysterious hill tribes—people as remote in type and civilisation from Chinese officials and merchants as a Laplander from the inhabitants of London or Paris: now it crossed some densely populated plain and observed the endless, hopeless industry of the Chinese working masses—their cheerfulness, courage, instinctive anarchism, their extraordinary faculty (notwithstanding interminable muddle and confusion) of getting things done. Thus, after he has watched Yün-nanese villagers building a road, "one is amazed in China" (the author remarks) "less by the way that people put up with anarchy than by the success with which it works. Except for a laxity which allows each family to lay its own pile of stones without a foreman or co-ordinator, the roads would never be built at all. And can any of the totalitarian countries claim such an achievement in road-building as China? A sense for comfortable human relationships made this achievement possible, and in China this sense is everywhere in evidence."

South of the Clouds is a closely written and intelligent production, agreeably free from the vices of the average modern travel book. So far it is one of the best of 1939. The illustrations supplement the interest of the text but do not detract from it by undue brilliance. Owing to the atrocious weather conditions in which they were taken, the photographs of the famous gorge are a trifle disappointing.

PETER QUENNELL

FIVE POETS

Several Observations. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Cresset Press.* 5s.

Poems. By SHEILA WINGFIELD. *Cresset Press.* 3s. 6d.

The Maid's Song. By PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.

More Green Fingers. By REGINALD ARKELL. *Herbert Jenkins.* 3s. 6d.

Elegy on Spain. By ANONYMOUS. *Contemporary Bookshop.* 2s.

The first two are first books of poems: and no order of merit should be inferred from the arrangement. The last—a single poem not much longer than Binyon's *For the Fallen*—may be the work of some once nearly-distinguished name, or it may not. The test of judging him incognito must be salutary for poetry reviewing: but it brings the humbler reviewer right up against his worst ditch.

How much the artist may suggest and how much leave to the poetry reader's mind is not such an unsolved problem that our age should waste so much of its time and substance trying to discover the mostly-discovered. For instance, Mr. Grigson only proves what human experience has already known: namely that there is much delight to be derived from pictorial, objective and undisciplined remembering of sights and sounds, tastes and smells and a throwing into the cake plenty of the cochineal of lovely, unrelated phrases of pure colour. What else indeed does Mr. Grigson do but give us back the scene outside our window? I can recall an equal delight in ruminating over a descriptive price-list of some seventy varieties of dahlias.

But although Mr. Grigson means it to be as easy and cool as sucking an ice-cream, I have not found it at all easy to enjoy him. We do not all skim the surface of things, even if we ought to do more of this for the good of our souls, health and complexion. When we do read poetry at all many of us still prefer to grapple with Browning, Spender and Day Lewis and to be haunted with phrases: "not a fourth sound but a star," "and left the vivid air signed with their honour," "folding a column of sweet sound." . . . But with *Several Observations* it is to be told that all our previous preoccupation was merely "arty" or sheer "pretence." Or so, at any rate, the publisher on behalf of this poet who as the "editor of *New Verse* . . . has done much . . . to establish W. H. Auden, Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender . . ." To add to which provocation there is the "design" on the jacket as nearly like a note-book sketch of rusted gadgets from a mechanic's tool-bag, or even like caries, as they are like anything at all. But here is a Grigson poem:

THE NIGHT SKY.

Pathetic against the night sky brown and red
Are the sadnesses and profits of these dead,
And smuts lie thick along the slackened spider-web,
And vigorous clocks gaze hard into the sky,
And seldom does the day thin, can we recall
The blue lungwort in the warm angle of the wall.

From object and still life we pass in Miss Wingfield's and Miss Hartnoll's poems with that "I mix it with two in my thought" back to civilisation. There is with Miss Wingfield a tautness of expression that makes the thought come through in organic fusion with the central idea, the cadences and the imagery of the poem. The touch may be slight, but it is not trivial, as is shown by the clear resonance of the note. The emotion is tightly rolled up (like a film on a spool) in the spare economy of Miss Wingfield's verse. But if it has been concentrated, it can be released also only in concentration. Literally you cannot read verse like this with any justice to the poet or yourself until you can, even with an effort, keep your whole mind on the whole poem and on its smallest vital link, which may be a punctuation sign. Chosroe, King of Persia, thinks of his crimes and his greatness as he lies dying; and near the end of this longer poem—

Back into the earth's caul
I soon must go,
Leaving this useless air
To some old villager,
Who sits against his cottage wall
And plantlike feels the wind and sun . . .

comes with a true feeling. Quotation in tabloid is all that is here possible.

With hardly any particular qualification, all that I have said for Miss Wingfield's quality may well stand for Miss Hartnoll's work also. If her expression is less taut, the impression is also less hard. If the intellectual content is less compact, the feeling and the cadences make a warmer beauty: and, taken as a whole, seventy poems of this sustained quality is an achievement. Miss Hartnoll was winner of the Newdigate in 1929. A number of her poems are addressed to great lights of the theatre.

Reginald Arkell makes another agreeable present to gardeners. If this gives you a taste—

You know that girl "who was so pure
She couldn't say the word Manure,"

get the book and finish the poem. Finally in thumbnail:

The hero's red rag is laid across his eyes,
Lies by the Madrid rock and baptises sand
Grander than god with the blood of his best, and
Estramadura is blazing in his fallen hand.
All of a fallen man is what is heaven's; . . .

It is "For The Fallen in Spain": and, as it is written for recitation, such things as: ". . . sand grander than . . ." are in the scheme.

FREDOON KABRAJI

State Interference in South Africa. By F. J. VAN BILJON. *King.* 15s.

It is a great pity that universities (South African and other), even when they produce a specialist of Mr. van Biljon's quality, so often fail to impart a feeling for the graces of diction. Such books as this are the result. Here the subject-matter is important and well worth study. The very jealous individualism of the white South African, manifesting itself in an intense distrust of "capitalism" and all big economic organisations, has driven the State to "interfere" in almost every sphere of South African economic life, agriculture, industry, mining, in labour organisation, banking, and not least significantly in harmonising the interests of road and rail transport. All this "planning" has more than local significance, but the style may prevent the book doing all it should, coldly scientific and impartial as it is, even to shake South African prejudices.

Confident that Africans must remain backward, those who guide South Africa make it their one aim "to insulate their own excellence from the results of failure." "The maintenance of a position of superiority" is in fact "a more engaging preoccupation than the initial aim of extending the charmed circle of the civilised." The author comments further:

> It is apparently not realised that the rural inhabitants are enticed to change their abode by the unattractiveness of subsistence farming at a time when technological progress is placing a premium on large-scale farming, and by the official high-wage policy in respect of all unskilled workers who care to enrol . . . the practice of wage discrimination is so ingrained, however, that even the industrial legislation Commission failed to perceive the crux of the matter.

The examination of agricultural policy in particular very much concerns at least the African Settler Colonies, as does the "comforting thought" that

> . . . supervisory control by the State, and a purposive adaption of the pecuniary incentive, can be employed with success in order to promote technical progress and rational organisation, and to improve the economic efficiency of individual producing units, with less friction and at a greater speed than educative propaganda and the unharnessed forces of supply and demand have in the past achieved.

Strangely, that most original and successful of South African ventures, the State control and taxation of the mining industry, gets little more than a passing reference. We read, for example, that the heavy cost of miners' phthisis compensation has had the "noteworthy result" of causing the mines to spare no expense in combating the incidence of disease by improving their own efficiency. This and other lessons of South African practice the British Crown Colonies and the Colonial Office are still far from having learned. These, and others who shy at the expense of colonial development, will note with profit also the important conclusion:

> The use at present made of the productive qualities of the Union's inhabitants is so incomplete that there is little danger of approaching a point at which an increased expenditure on projects to develop their latent faculties would involve a sacrifice in excess of the eventual benefit.

Civics: The How and Why of Self-Government. By K. B. SMELLIE. *Bell.* 3s. 6d.

The Ship of State: The Essentials of Political Science. By EDWARD JENKS. *Duckworth.* 6s.

Mr. Smellie does not claim to furnish more than the "bare bones" of his subject. But actually there is no lack of flesh here, of explanatory comment on the nature and ends of society—which at any rate serves to place the strictly political theme in perspective. His method is severely historical, at times with special intent. Thus he traces carefully the history of our judicial system in a series of chapters on the citizen and his problems—and makes the good point, incidentally, that "there is probably less knowledge of the principles of the law among the general

public than in any other country." If there is any criticism to be made of this little essay in "vulgarisation" it would be that Mr. Smellie keeps too rigidly to the instinctive characteristics of the British Constitution. There is a most useful last chapter retailing quotations from the works of the masters of political science throughout the ages.

Professor Jenks, as one would expect, makes the approach from constitutional law and history. But, eschewing the academic trimmings of Mr. Smellie, he provides perhaps more direct illumination on the nature, functions and proper limitations of government—because he is all the time conscious of other peoples and polities besides our own. (There is a particularly valuable section on "The Party"—in the Fascist or Communist sense.) Thus his final chapter is entitled "The State and Its Neighbours"—a salutary reminder that the real world is not a vacuum. Indeed, the author concludes with the sobering reflection that, but for the existence of the State, mankind would not now be heading, like the Gadarene swine, down the slope to destruction.

Buried Empires. By PATRICK CARLETON. *Edward Arnold.* 10s. 6d.

The freshness with which Mr. Carleton writes is rare indeed in a textbook of history, especially of such very ancient history as he tells. His subject is the Middle East from the fourth to the first Millennium B.C., that is, the Empires of Sumeria and Babylonia before the rise of Assyria. But although the history itself is ancient, our knowledge of it is exceedingly recent, and it is Mr. Carleton's first-hand experience of excavations that inspires his book with such genuine enthusiasm. Much of what he writes has not been hitherto available except to the specialist, and Mr. Carleton's excitement about the revolutionary discoveries at Mohenjó-Daro in N.W. India communicates itself to the reader, as, with the help of good photographs, does his admiration for much of the art of his period, especially that of Akkad.

America Begins Again. By KATHARINE GLOVER. *McGraw-Hill.* 12s. 6d.

Katharine Glover has chosen a subject about which she feels very keenly, she has gone to great lengths with the research, and written a book which is extremely interesting, but likely to be read by few. If a theme moves you as much as this has Miss Glover, you may write a bad book, but you will probably succeed in stirring your reader, and infecting him with your germ, which is what has happened here.

The United States in a hundred years has undone the work of a thousand centuries by rapid over-farming, turned prairies into deserts, of which the Dust Bowl is one example, laid waste millions of acres by allowing erosion to take hold, the direct cause of both the floods and the 1934 drought, demolished the forests and polluted the rivers. During the last century one or two lone voices protested, but they were lost in the general cry for quick profits returns; the land seemed inexhaustible. Theodore Roosevelt was the first to make a move when he set up the policy of forest conservation, which was actively followed by the Hoover administration; now there is a nation-wide service to cover every branch of feckless waste; principally the Soil Conservation Service, set up in 1934, whose projects cover 39 million acres, and working with it the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, an earlier body. The need for them is more serious than is easily discernible, and that this is now recognised can be seen by the fact that the Tennessee Valley Authority was the direct outcome of this reconstruction, and this is to be followed by the projected Williamette scheme, which will in due course eclipse the T.V.A. The T.V.A. were responsible for one of the few American documentaries, *The River*, a remarkably impressive film, from which it seems probable a great number of illustrations for this book have been taken. The book itself would be better if it had been subjected to the test of reading aloud, and treated as the commentary to an unmade film, and as such vetted by the script editor; for with such a huge scope as this book presents, with so many facts to draw upon, Miss Glover has resorted to impression by comparative figures, which are so frequent that they soon cease to mean very much. The subject has a great many facets, and though they are not always clearly sorted out, the effect is that of a school text book. But the tale of reconstruction and new hope is heartening in this period of fatalistic waiting, and it has a spirit instilled into it that the factual enthusiasm of Miss Glover does not spoil.

BOOKS TO COME

Messrs. Faber and Faber open their autumn publishing season on August 31st with an anthology of *New Verse* selected from the first thirty numbers of Mr. Geoffrey Grigson's publication. Mr. Grigson has written a preface in which he explains his editorial attitude and expresses some opinions on Auden, Macneice, Spender and Co. An unusual and entertaining feature is a series of informal photographs of the poets represented—snapshots approved by themselves—together with equally informal biographical notes.

On the same day, Fabers will publish *Guiding Human Misfits* by Dr. Alexandra Adler, a daughter of Alfred Adler. Dr. Adler is a practising specialist in neurology and psychiatry and a Harvard research fellow in neurology. Whilst she is dealing in principle with the question of maladjustment as it manifests itself at any age, she is especially concerned with the problems of child and adolescent guidance.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's recent attractive excursion into botany, *Wild Flowers in Britain*, will have prepared his readers for the technique of his autobiographical study, *Three Acres and a Mill*. to be published by Dent on August 31st. Writing against the background of the September crisis, he describes a day spent in his Berkshire mill house and garden, in the course of which he looks, as it were for the last time, at the flowers he has brought from different parts of Europe and recalls his journeys and adventures in search of plants. Trying to reconcile himself to the probable destruction of the amenities he loves, he has described with the vividness of a person taking farewell, his house, garden, the customs of his district and the life he has built up for himself during the past twelve years. The book is illustrated with photographs and a map.

The originator of garden paths having presumably exhausted for the moment his country daffodils, has set up as a horticulturist in London. In *Green Grows the City*, to be published by Cape in the autumn, Mr. Beverley Nichols describes the making of an urban garden. "It all began when Mr. Nichols moved from the country to London. The house selected was charming: but the garden!" And so . . .

A first-hand account of the Hitler opposition in Germany is coming from Jarrolds next Thursday. In *Men Against Hitler*, Mr. Fritz Max Cahen tells the story of the Germans who are fighting in their own and neighbouring countries to overthrow the Nazi regime. The author has been working since 1932 as an organiser of the underground fight and describes from his own experience the nature and extent of the revolt which is going on inside Germany.

War and Soldier, the series of novels by Ashihei Hino, which in spite of official disapproval, has sold over a million copies in Japan and is still selling, has been translated by Lewis Bush and will be published by Putnam in the autumn. The author, a well-known Japanese writer who won the Akutagawa Prize (the equivalent of the Prix Goncourt) for his novel, *Fin-nyo-tan*, and has translated the poems of Ernest Dowson into Japanese, was conscripted to fight against the Chinese. His military experience began in the bogs of Hangchow in 1937. From the beginning, he wrote letters (which he knew could never be posted) and kept a diary in which he described all the thoughts and feelings, the horror and weariness of a civilian and a writer thrown unwillingly into the fighting line. Using these impressions recorded on the battlefield as his material, Hino put together a short novel, *Mud and Soldier*, which somehow passed the Japanese censorship. After its success, the authorities thought it more prudent to leave the book in circulation.

Mud and Soldier was followed by *Flower and Soldier, Wheat and Soldier*—the most celebrated of the series—which tells of the famous siege of Sunkan Castle in May, 1938, and finally by *Sea and Soldier* which deals with the period when Hino has returned as a seasoned campaigner to take part in the lightning capture of Canton. The whole series will be included in the English translation.

The German Army, by Herbert Rosinski, to be published by the Hogarth Press in the autumn, is an expert analysis of Germany's great military machine. The author, now a refugee who has made a name for himself in this country under the pseudonym of "Miles," traces the development of ancient Prussia's army stage by stage into the Reichswehr of to-day and describes the ideas and personalities which are shaping German military policy.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 494

Set by H. B. Mallalieu

The usual prizes are offered for a 24-line poem on "Adam's" reflections on a Blackpool crowd.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Aug. 25th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 492

Set by V. S. Pritchett

One of our gossip columnists is to be imagined let loose at the Mermaid. The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for his paragraph (which should not exceed 250 words) as it might appear to-day in one of the Sunday papers.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.

Prospectuses, and full particulars of the following, may be obtained on application to the Registrar:—
FACULTIES OF ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE, LAW, AND ENGINEERING.
LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE.
DEPARTMENT OF CIVIC DESIGN.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE: GUIDE TO STUDY.
INSTITUTE OF ARCHAEOLOGY.
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.
LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCES AND ADMINISTRATION (including Economics, Commerce, Geography, Social Science, Public Administration and International Relations).
DIPLOMA IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.
TESTAMUR IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.
DEPARTMENT OF EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES.
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH.
LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF TROPICAL MEDICINE.
SCHOOL OF VETERINARY SCIENCE.
SCHOOL OF DENTAL SURGERY.
DOCTORATE IN PHILOSOPHY.
FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS, STUDENTSHIPS, EXHIBITIONS, SPECIAL GRANTS AND PRIZES.
HALLS OF RESIDENCE.
UNIVERSITY CALENDAR (price 2s. 6d., post free 3s.).

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 935 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT.
Complete Teachers' Training for Girls in all Branches of Physical Education, Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming.
ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.
A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

YOU
can obtain a
DEGREE!

NO matter what your position or prospects, a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without 'going into residence' or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. You can do all your reading for these AT HOME AND IN LEISURE HOURS with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to graduate, thereby increasing their mental abilities, widening their outlook, and raising their status.

● **WRITE FOR FREE PROSPECTUS** (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology) to the Director of Studies, Dept. VH85,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

TRAINING CENTRES—continued

CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE, Ropemaker Street, London, E.C.2. (Telephone: METropolitan 2433/34.) Patron, H.M. The King. Intensive six months' training for women of good education who wish to qualify as private secretaries. Fee—thirty guineas.

LONDON INSTITUTE OF DESIGN. A comprehensive two-year course in Interior and Architectural Design commences on September 25th. Prospectus from A. CARDEN, A.R.I.B.A., 11 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 293

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of female technical assistant, at a salary of £150–£10–£220. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's superannuation scheme. Applications, together with copies of three testimonials, should reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library," not later than Friday, August 25th.

HEAD TEACHER (resident) with wife as Matron, required for Co-Educational Home and School in S. London, for 30 problem and retarded children of school age, attending London Child Guidance Clinics. Applicants should be interested in child psychology, and must be Members of Church of England. Salary: Head Teacher, Burnham Scale; Matron, £80 per annum with board, residence, laundry. Apply Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

YOUNG Frenchwoman or French-Swiss to look after two boys (5 and 7); some kindergarten or modern educational training. Box 5889.

MIDDLE-AGED German Jewess seeks position as housekeeper or in any other capacity. Experienced in running first class household. Box 5907.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.)
SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Prince St., Hanover Sq., W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4).

INTELLIGENT TYPEWRITING: Novels, Plays, Theses, Articles copied efficiently. Guaranteed checked: German, French. Keen prices. LEE, 18 Kings Drive. Edgware 1046.

CARLTON LITERARY BUREAU, 11d Regent Street, S.W.1, types literary MSS at lowest rates compatible with first-class work. Also revision, duplicating, translation, etc.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"

W. M. Thackeray, "THE VIRGINIANS"

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

10 *for* 8½d. 20 *for* 1/5 50 *for* 3/5½ 100 *for* 6/9
Handmade 20 *for* 1/8

This advertisement is set up in NICHOLAS COCHIN and CLEARCUT SHADED INITIALS. Cochin: based on the copper-engraved letters of Charles Nicholas Cochin about 1770. TT. 202D

'MINICAMERAS'

All makes—on the easiest of monthly payments or for cash. Leica, Zeiss-Contax, Rolleiflex, Kine Exakta, Korelle, etc., from 10/7 a month. All Leica and other accessories in stock. Illustrated catalogue free. Miniature films processed by experts—best results guaranteed. Most generous exchange allowances. The finest book on Photography ever published "Minitography and Cinetography"—1/- post free.

W.1

WALLACE HEATON New Bond St.
AND BRANCHES

PRELUDE TO A HOLIDAY

Before your holiday begins, equip yourself with Maps and Guides at Bumpus, and choose some cheap editions to read while you are away.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS SINCE 1790.
477 OXFORD ST., W.1

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months ,, ,,	15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,, ,,	7s. 6d.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Report by V. S. Pritchett

There were a good many clever entries and competitors obviously knew their Mermaid—or looked it up, as I did; but they did not know gossip writing so well. This unjustly despised trade is a skilled one and is not such easy game as it looks. Competitors got the bathos, spiciness and flat chatter; what they missed were the gossip writer's irrelevance and propaganda. General Franco's golf was the supreme example of both. The true gossip writer insinuates or unloads preposterous views and prejudices all the time between his casual words. The negro slaves, I read recently in one of Charles Graves's cocktail bar asides, were much happier before emancipation. The point about irrelevance is more important. The gossip writer, visiting the Mermaid, might mention that Kit Marlowe had just had "an affray" or that Will Shakespeare was touching up a new play, as most competitors said; but the real technique of gossip is to say something which has little or no relation to what people are or what they do: Will Shakespeare, who has just bought a new Sports Minx . . . Ben Jonson whose hobby is collecting trowels . . . Mary Fitton who has a pet monkey and is learning Spanish . . . I don't think the gossip writers would have had so much "booksy" news (Ellen Evans's word) as competitors made out.

The best entries came from Harry Broadbent, Towanbucket, Olric, R. S. Jaffray, John Fay, Arthur Bowyer and Alixandre. Mr. Broadbent had the good idea of sending his Viscount Rattlerot to visit the Mermaid ghosts, in order to compare waist measurements with Falstaff, but it went flat, of course, Lord Rattlerot does. Arthur Bowyer had a good pun comparing Shakepeare's wit to a "speedcop's *Ford* making circles round a double-*Dekker*." Towanbucket was one of the few who remembered the Earl of Southampton ("'Hal' to all and sundry"). R. S. Jaffray, believing the Elizabethan columnist would have been an apostle of Lyly—a sort of Hickey recovering his adjectives—had sharp words for "these very caterwauling coystrils." Ellen Evans had the best vapid entry—"Kit Marlowe . . . looking more like a poet than ever," but though she comes into the final three I thought John Fay and Arthur Bowyer more inventive and Mr. Fay's insinuations turn the scale in his favour.

FIRST PRIZE

I SEE LIFE

By CHARLES TOMBS

Despite our ever-increasing tendency towards the Puritan spirit beloved by Geneva, the comic spirit has not yet left our shores: yesterday, by way of relaxation from the griefs of this troublesome world where each new morn new widows howl, new orphans cry and farmers hang themselves on the expectation of plenty, I called in at the sign of the Mermaid, where you can still get real old Plantagenet hospitality.

As I went in I saw dramatist Ben Jonson seated at the bar, patiently telling Chief Headborough Dogberry how Kit Marlowe, one of our more promising playwrights, met his end in the recent affray here. Young Lord Oxford was there with Francis Bacon: when I sat down with them they were discussing a lawsuit Lord Oxford is thinking of bringing concerning the authorship of certain plays recently presented: they were so engrossed in technical details—for Francis is fully qualified in all legal matters—that I had to interrupt three times before I could achieve recognition. Not far off was the celebrated author against whom the suit may be raised—it is, of course, none other than William "Spell-me-which-way-you-like" Shaxpur. Rumour has long had it that Will has become enamoured of a certain dark lady, and his persistent refusal to divulge her name has given rise to the opinion that perhaps she is not quite a lady: for two or three of us, however, it has for some time been an open secret that the object of our premier poet's affections is not a lady at all. You will, no doubt, remember that certain of our more Puritan critics have recently criticised Will for his "lust-in-action" publications; but this does not worry the Swan of Avon. "Ripeness is all," the Bard laughingly remarked. "Even the wren goes to it," and before I could speak another word he had bounded across the room and completely spoiled the effect of Bacon's description of how Judges at Common Law should be as lions under the throne by neatly imitating the action of a tiger.

JOHN FAY

SECOND PRIZE

AT THE MERMAID

By the way—all the world is flocking to the Mermaid these days—or rather nights. "Big Ben" Jonson is quite the rage. Ever since a well-known debutante—who shall be nameless—innocently likened his face to "a rotten apple, with one eye bigger than t'other," our chemists have been seeking to produce a tan which shall give just that effect. Now, I am told, they have succeeded, and to be really chic you must adopt it this season.

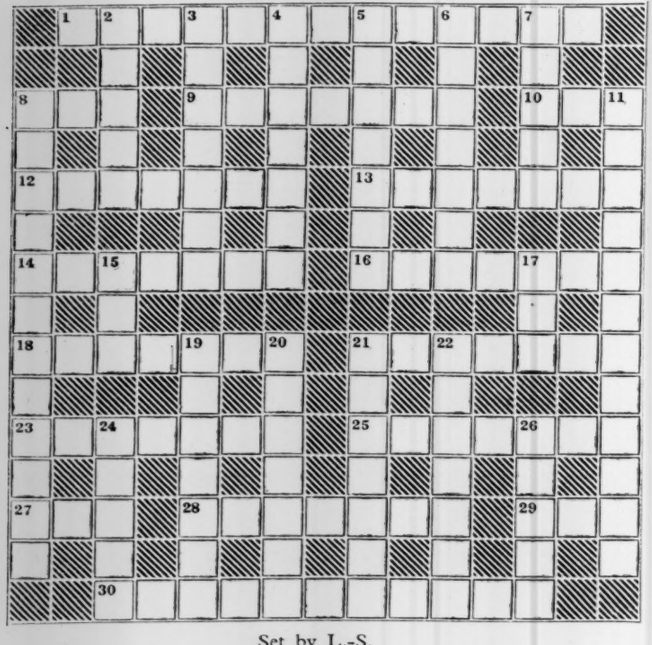
Will Shakespeare drops in most evenings: his ready wit in conversation with erudite Ben is most amusing—like a speed-cop's Ford making circles round a double-Dekker (pardon me!).

Will tells me he is shortly bringing out another play. I asked him what it was to be called. "What you like," said he. "What you Will," I smartly replied. All the Court will be at the première on Twelfth Night. I understand that it has a Ruritanian setting, with a screamingly funny cocktail scene, and some catchy new vocal numbers.

ARTHUR W. BOWYER

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 493

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss A. Russell, Hough Hole, Rainow, Macclesfield, Cheshire

ACROSS.

1. Greens from the well? (13)
8 & 10. Old gold from heaven. (3) (3)
9. Discernment of what's in view. (7)
12. Tell-tale rodents? (7)
13. What the anonymous letter writer does to the pen. (7)
14. Disorderly results of too many drinks. (7)
16. Thai-landers, or cats. (7)
18. They have of course been wheyed out. (7)
21. Of course it has the pip in. (7)
23. Less than a Roman triumph. (7)
25. Light motor. (7)
27 & 29. Not representative? (3) (3)
28. The Arabs call it Lot's Lake. (7)
30. Seasonal change from summer pudding. (11)

DOWN.

2. Kipling's lying M.P. (5)
3. Literal beginning. (7)
4. One of them produces grapes. (7)
5. Used to be ruled by a Dey. (7)
6. Dutch colonials find it capital. (7)
7. Objective colour for golfers. (5)
8. Play that might have been called *Meadow Saffron*. (12)
11. Periodical figure for hot weather. (12)
15. See 17. (3)
17 & 15 (rev.). Sex tends to be but middling. (3)
19. Where there are no winds. (7)
20. S is a member of the Upper House, it appears. (7)
21. Is put between the rests. (7)
22. One must have a badge on in this. (7)
24. The light of Lampyris. (5)
26. Live way to be. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

W	O	M	E	N	S	I	N	S	T	I	T	U	T	E
A	■	O	■	A	■	N	■	Q	■	N	■	N	■	R
K	A	L	E	N	D	S	■	U	N	D	E	R	G	O
E	■	E	■	N	■	P	■	E	■	I	■	O	■	S
■	■	S	L	A	T	E	P	E	N	C	I	L	■	■
S	T	■	■	C	■	Z	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	■
I	N	S	H	O	R	T	■	E	N	T	A	S	I	S
B	■	■	■	U	■	■	■	■	■	O	■	■	■	S
Y	F	S	I	T	A	S	■	C	O	R	A	C	L	E
L	■	O	■	H	■	K	■	H	■	■	■	O	■	T
■	■	P	R	O	D	I	G	A	L	S	O	N	■	■
T	■	H	■	U	■	L	■	S	■	T	■	T	■	F
S	C	I	S	S	E	L	■	T	H	E	R	E	T	O
U	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	S	■	C
G	A	M	E	S	E	T	A	N	D	M	A	T	C	H

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. **Of Mice and Men.** Tu. & Th.

COMEDY. **Tony Draws a Horse.** Wed., Fri.

DRURY LANE. **The Dancing Years.** W., S.

DUCHESS. **The Corn is Green.** Tues., Thu.

GLOBE. Wed. & Sats.
The Importance of Being Earnest.

PALACE. **Under Your Hat.** Tues. & Thurs.

QUEEN'S. **Dear Octopus.** Weds., Sats.

STRAND. **Spotted Dick.** Th., Aug. 31.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GERrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
OF MICE AND MEN
CLAIRE LUCE, JOHN MILLS, NIALL MACGINNIS.

COLISEUM, Charing X. TEMple Bar 3161.
Commc. Aug. 21st. NIGHTLY 6.30 & 9.
For One Week Only
ALMOST A HONEYMOON
Prices: 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-

COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
TONY DRAWS A HORSE
250th Performance September 4th.

DRURY LANE. (TEMple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
THE DANCING YEARS

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Thu., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

QUEEN'S. Shaftesbury Av. GERrard 4517.
Evgs. 8.15 Sharp. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
"DEAR OCTOPUS." A Comedy by Dodie Smith.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660). Commg. WED. NEXT, 8.0.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
SPOTTED DICK
A new Farce by BEN TRAVERS.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 8.30.
COLONY
by Geoffrey Trease. Produced by Herbert Marshall.
Seats, 1/-to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
HOME OF THE "LAMBETH WALK." Over 1,000 PERFS.

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A dusty, germ-laden atmosphere or a chilly evening can easily cause a Summer cold—dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs before they become dangerous. Vapex is perfectly safe for children.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V184A THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

REPERTORY THEATRE

BARN THEATRE, SHERE.
MONDAY, AUGUST 28th, FOR ONE WEEK.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Monsieur Le Troubadec in Monte Carlo.
Translated by James Laver, from the play by Jules Romains.
Producer, John Burrell. Decor by Nadia Benois.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245.)

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
LOUIS JOUVET
in Pabst's gripping Chinese adventure
"LE DRAME DE SHANGHAI" (A)
A tale of Shanghai and the Japanese menace.

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
RAIMU in
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (A)
3rd month of Marcel Pagnol's brilliant French satirical comedy. ADULTS ONLY.

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham 2285
MONDAY, AUGUST 21st, FOR THREE DAYS
Emlyn Williams in **Dead Men Tell No Tales** (A)
THURSDAY, AUGUST 24th, FOR FOUR DAYS
Charles Laughton in **St. Martin's Lane** (A)

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Commencing MONDAY, AUGUST 21st, from 10 a.m.
VICTOR McLAGLEN in
"GOLDEN GLOVES" (U)
also "THE HOUSE OF FEAR" (A).

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
NIGHTLY at 8 UNTIL OCT. 7th.
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tickets, 2s., 3s., 5s., 6s. and 7s. 6d., at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468).
CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

RESTAURANTS

GOURMETS come to Rules to give themselves a treat and pay their guests a compliment. RULES, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GREEK RESTAURANT. The White Tower, 1, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. Mus. 2187. Retsina wine, Mavrodaphni, Ouzo (Raki), Samos and other Greek wines always on tap.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

LITERARY

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH, LOEB CLASSICS WANTED. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

REVIEW COPIES wanted. Collected or postage paid. We offer 4s. 6d. each for Loeb Classics if complete. J. Clarke Hall Ltd., 146 Fleet St., E.C.4. Cen. 4116.

LANGUAGES

THE LINGUISTS' CLUB
CONVERSATION AND TUITION IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN AND RUSSIAN. DRAMATIC SOC'Y. SPORTS CLUB. CONTINENTAL SNACK-BAR LOUNGE.
84 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2. HOLBORN 2921.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few weeks. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Canney, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND STERLING—MENDELSSOHN AND CO.—OIL AND CANADIAN EAGLE—RETAILERS' SHARES.

THE least said about this week's business on the Stock Exchange the better. There was no volume of trade and the gilt-edged market was rather weaker, reflecting the prevailing nervousness at the continued pressure on sterling. It is not very comforting to know that the dollar rate can only be held at 4.68 by the day-to-day sale of a considerable amount of gold. Moreover, the seasonal strain on sterling is approaching and there is a continual drift of Continental money from London to New York. The repatriation of Dutch capital as a result of the Mendelssohn suspension adds a further complication. The home railway market had its own special trouble in the possibility of a railway strike. Exceptionally, gold shares have responded to the new hoarding demand and to the chances of a further depreciation in sterling. This seems to me a sensible investment move and I would again draw attention to Ashanti Goldfields 4*s.* shares at 3 5/16 to yield £5 13*s.* per cent. on estimated dividends of 95 per cent. These shares have the backing of good developments at the mine and freedom from the political risks which seem to harass the investor.

* * *

The Mendelssohn failure, following the sudden death of the firm's senior partner, Dr. Mannheimer, appears to provide one more illustration of the dangers of borrowing short and lending long. Acting as agents for the French and Belgian Governments, Mendelssohn and Co. had in recent years sponsored French loans to the tune of 400 million guilders, and last May took firm 150 million guilders of French Treasury notes renewable up to a maximum of six years. The firm's estimation of its ability to place French bonds in the Dutch and Swiss markets appears to have been over-sanguine, and its liabilities to creditors—chiefly banks in Amsterdam, Paris, Brussels, Switzerland and New York—total well over £30 millions. London finance houses do not seem to be involved to any appreciable extent. According to a provisional valuation by the administrators, the firm's assets are not seriously short of that figure; and the rehabilitation of French finances under M. Reynaud's direction guarantees that the bulk of the obligations held by the firm or, as collateral by its creditors, will eventually prove to be "good." The French conversion bonds will obviously require "nursing," but the creditors are almost all large concerns whose finances will not be gravely embarrassed by this temporary freezing of loans.

* * *

Oil has been very much in the news this week. Continued over-production from the unrestricted new fields in Illinois and Louisiana has produced the most serious crisis in the American oil industry since the development of the prolific East Texas field. Such important companies as Humble Oil and Sinclair have cut their buying prices for crude oils, the first in Texas and the second in the Mid-Continent districts. On Tuesday the Texas Railroad Commission came temporarily to the rescue by ordering a shut-down of wells in Texas for fifteen days, but this is only a palliative. Over-production will not be eliminated until Illinois, Louisiana and California have participated in the Inter-State Oil Commission and have agreed to restrict their output. The complete breakdown of the Mexican oil negotiations was another upsetting piece of news for the oil share market. Mr. Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State, has pressed for the "prompt, adequate and effective compensation" for the seized properties but there is no sign yet of any Mexican response. In this depressing atmosphere the issue was launched this week of £3,000,000 4½ per cent. debenture stock at 97½ by the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company. It was not too well received. If dealings open in this stock at a discount, I would advise a purchase, for the security seems to me good. The stock is secured as a first floating charge on the undertaking and assets of the Eagle Oil and Shipping which is solely a shipping and marketing concern, carrying no oil production risk. Among its assets, which cover the debenture issue 4½ times, is a holding of £2½ million shares of Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., the largest petrol marketing company in Great Britain. In addition, the debenture stock receives the guarantee of its parent, the Canadian Eagle Oil, which is participating with the Royal Dutch-Shell and Standard Oil in the development of the new oilfield in Eastern Venezuela. If the Canadian Eagle carries an oil production risk (but a very promising one) it does not detract from the security of the Eagle Oil and Shipping debenture. The previous profits of Canadian Eagle were almost entirely derived from the earnings of Eagle Oil and Shipping, and its guarantee is only given as an assurance that it will not interfere with the equity of the shipping and marketing company which it owns. The prospectus was not too clear on these points, but the security, it can be said, is much better than it appears on first reading.

* * *

With Supply expenditure now running at well over £20 millions a week, it is a fair inference that the "multiplier" will increasingly augment the turnover of retail undertakings which cater especially for the weekly wage-earner. I give below a representative selection:

	1939 High	1939 Low	Present Price	Dividend %	Gross Yield %
Grattan Warehouses 5/- ..	31/5¼	21/1½	23/6	30*	£6 7 9
Great Universal Stores 5/-	35/9	26/3	32/6	50	7 13 6
Home & Colonial 4/- ..	4/7½	2/4½	4/4½	3	2 15 0
International Tea 5/- ..	13/2½	8/10½	11/-	10	4 11 0
Maypole Dairy 2/- defd...	3/1½	2/3	2/10½	9	6 5 3
Marks & Spencer 5/- "A"	60/8¼	45/5¼	59/6	42½†	3 11 6
Woolworth 5/-	65/7½	55/-	64/10½	65	5 0 3

* Estimating maintenance of dividend on capital increased by 50 per cent. bonus.

† And a share bonus of 10 per cent.

Of the two mail order firms which head the list, Great Universal Stores have enjoyed already a substantial recovery from this year's "low." Grattan Warehouses are worth considering as a medium-term speculative investment. With headquarters in Bradford, this company conducts its business through amateur agents who are employed in factories and shops and collect orders on commission from fellow employees. For the year ending June 30th, 1938, a dividend of 30 per cent. was paid on the ordinary capital of £250,000, since increased by a 50 per cent. share bonus. Since last year's equity earnings were 62.4 per cent., and the firm must be benefiting from increased payrolls in the Northern industrial areas, maintenance of a 30 per cent. rate of distribution on the increased capital may reasonably be expected. Of the grocery stores I prefer Maypole Dairy. Home and Colonial and International Tea seem very fully valued, although their dividends may be slightly increased.

Company Meeting

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

THE twelfth Annual General Meeting of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation Limited was held on August 10th in London.

Mr. Isidore Ostrer (the chairman) said that the available surplus for the year had enabled the directors to transfer to reserve a much larger sum than last year and at the same time to carry forward a balance of £77,437, against £58,798 brought in. The directors had not overlooked the possibility of a resumption of dividend payments on the Ordinary shares. It had been deemed prudent to utilise the profit of the year in building up reserves. That policy was bound to improve the position of the Ordinary shareholders.

A new agreement had been entered into with General Film Distributors Limited for the production of further films; one of the advantages of the new arrangement would be the reopening of their studios at Shepherds Bush for film production. The Corporation had made provisional arrangements whereby it would become interested in the production of a further series of films next year.

They considered their holding in Baird Television Limited of great importance to the future of the Corporation. From the theatre angle they were concerned in what was termed Large Screen Television and they had taken the necessary steps to secure the installation of those sets in their theatres as fast as they could be produced. Those theatres already equipped had shown many items of great interest during the year. The directors were pleased to know that their vision and concentration had been to a great extent responsible for a British company leading the world in television.

Shareholders were aware that the Board of Trade had seen fit on the application of holders of a bare ten per cent. of the shares to appoint an Inspector to investigate the affairs of the Corporation. While the directors were anxious to facilitate the work of the Inspector as far as they could, they had other interests to consider, and in that respect they were acting on the opinion of eminent counsel as to their duties.

Having regard to the extent of the reserves now appearing in the balance sheet and the substantial improvement in their financial position during recent years, shareholders might feel that a resumption of dividend payments on the Ordinary shares next year might not be imprudent if in the meantime the ordinary course of business was not adversely affected. The report was adopted.

Holiday Suggestions

London

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly: with dinner, 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

North of London

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas.*

GUEST House in the Chilterns. Beacon Cottage, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Good food, comfort and consideration. 'Phone: Kingston Blount 219.

THE STUDIO, Baldock, Hertfordshire ('Phone: 58), for week-ends or holidays. Fifteenth-century house. Large garden.

South

WARMEST and SUNNIEST part of England. Perfect in Autumn and Winter home. Lovely locality. Very healthy. Charming Private Hotel: well known among gentlefolk for comfort and cuisine. 3-3½ *gns.* Excellent golf. Chequers, Pulborough, Sussex.

BROADSTAIRS. Guest house, good table, min. sea. 3 *gns.* Special terms family sharing rooms. 5 Dickens Road.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

QUEEN ANNE modern comfort. Facing sea. Safe. Children welcomed. Squash. Golf, riding, bridge available. Autumn or permanent bookings. Rookcliff, Milford-on-Sea.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Modern Guest House, facing sea and Downs. Walesbeech House. Rottingdean 9431.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

South West

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

CORNWALL. Barnoon End, St. Ives, for delightful early holidays. Quiet. Lovely views. Every comfort. Central. 'Phone: 488. From 2½ *gns.*

CORNWALL. FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION. Country touring centre; Looe 6 miles. Modern conveniences. Electric light. Own produce. Tennis, riding, rough shooting. A.A. recommended. Vacancies September, 45*s.* TAMBLYN, Botelet Farm, Liskeard. 'Phone: Lanreath 225.

South West—continued

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. No accommodation July 29th to August 26th.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. Claremont Guest House. Delightful coastal village. Excellent varied catering. Charming garden. Sea 5 minutes. Rec. A.A. Phone: 36.

DARTMOOR. Delightful Guest House, near golf and fishing. Own horses. Inclusive terms for riding guests. Bagtor House, Ilsington, Newton Abbot. Haytor 203.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

DEVON. Furnished bungalow to let; inside sanitation; run of farm; shooting; midway Clovelly/Bude. Available August 24th. DANIEL, Upcott, Sutcombe, Holsworthy.

East and North East

PARK HOUSE. Black Notley, Braintree, Essex, 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6*s.* a day.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

North West

DON'T travel abroad this year! The new Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, nr. Ambleside, set amidst mountains, woods and lakes, offers greater attractions. Squash rackets, tennis, swimming-pool. An ideal centre for climbing and fell walking. Write for brochure or telephone Grasmere 82.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "Victoria," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5*s.*

West and Wales

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons, April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

Scotland

EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7*s.* 6*d.* nightly; from 63*s.* weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13*s.* 6*d* per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

Ireland

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

CLIFDEN, Connemara. Rock Glen Hotel. Licensed. H. and C. all rooms. Overlooking Ardbear Bay. Own grounds. Private bathing. Glorious scenery. 4½ *guineas.*

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

Foreign

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER. Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds, direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s.* inclusive.

FRANCE. Near Boulogne. Glorious sands. Bathing from house. Beautiful wooded country. English proprietor. No 10% service. "Les Sapins," St. Etienne-au-Mont, P. de C.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Divan bed-sitting rooms, h. and c., central heating, breakfast, use kitchen and dining room, quiet, from 23*s.* 6*d.* HAM. 3288. Write 21 Pond Street, N.W.3.

BELSIZE PARK. Attractive bed-sitting rooms. Good food; reasonable prices. Apply in evening. SHIPHAM, 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s.* 6*d.* nightly with breakfast, from 23*s.* 6*d.* weekly.

ATTRACTIVE furnished study-bedroom, 18*s.* 6*d.*; also double, 25*s.* 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

FREE HOUSEHOLD, no restrictions, Chelsea. Bed-sitters. £1-27/6. FLAxman 9970 or SLOane 3842

MODERN Service Rooms with baths, breakfast, 6*s.* 6*d.* per night; from 27*s.* 6*d.* per week. FLAX 1181. 29 West Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

HIGH-CLASS digs. Single and double room to let. Moderate terms. No foreigners. 115 Fellows Road, Hampstead. PRI. 2396.

BLOOMSBURY. In young woman graduate's ground-floor flat. Bed-sitting room. Newly decorated. Share bathroom, kitchen, china, etc. Really hot water. Telephone. Electric iron, linen, light, gas for cooking. 25*s.* week. Box 5902.

CHARMING BIJOU GUEST HOUSE, newly decorated and furnished. Hot and cold. Garden. Rooms, including breakfast, dinner, bath, light, 2 *guineas* weekly. Few minutes Marble Arch and near tube station. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. Mai. 1930.

W.C.1. 12 Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Square. Exceptionally nice divan rooms, large, suiting quiet gentleman. £2 5*s.* Some at 32*s.* 6*d.* H. & C. basins, superior house, every comfort, breakfast and service. MUSeum 1551.

FURNISHED room, modern flat, near "Old Vic." Use bathroom and kitchen. C.H.W. Rent £1. No restrictions. 'Phone: Waterloo 4464 Monday onwards.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Paying guests received. Moderate. Delightful house, beautiful garden. Hampstead 5210.

LARGE furnished room available for September: reasonable. Write: FEMMICK, 114 Gower Street, W.C.1.

GUILFORD STREET. Unfurnished room, top floor, newly decorated. ROWAN, 16 Doughty Street, W.C.1. Holborn 7535.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

ELIZABETHAN cottage, 45 miles London, 10 miles Cambridge. Modern conveniences; 6 rooms. Charming garden. Let furnished or partly furnished. Box 5893.

LOVELY views from comfortable small house and garden above Avon, within New Forest, 8 miles S. Salisbury; 3 sitting, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, Esse stove, constant hot water, elec. light and power, bathroom, 2 w.c.'s, etc. Cottage partitioned from house (could be added to house), 2 good rooms, kitchen, bathroom, w.c., elec. light. For sale, £1,950, or might be let. Box 5891.

FROXFIELD. Furnished cottage to let. 5 rooms, kitchenette, main water, Elsan, garage, 25*s.* weekly. From Oct. 2nd. Mrs. RIVERS, Froxfield, Petersfield, Hants.

DOWNLAND village, old cottage to let furnished, October–March; all electric; garage; 2½ *guineas.* Box 5889.

COTTAGE and orchard, lonely, Dorset, £325 Freehold. H. & c. 4 rooms. APPELBE, 7 New Square, W.C.2.

OWNER GOING ABROAD. Picturesque secluded Country Home in a Glorious Garden. 6 bedrooms (h. and c.), 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 3 acres, garages, etc. Price £3,500, offers invited. Buckland and Sons, Land Agents, 154 Friar Street, Reading. (Ref. 5786).

CHELSEA—best position. Upper part to let in private house, September. Three to four rooms, moderate rent. Constant hot water. Box 5795.

A MODERN FLAT IN THE COUNTRY makes the best of both worlds. Park House, Welwyn, has self-contained all-electric flats with every modern convenience, including a Sports Club, restaurant, and the finest departmental Store in Herts. From £55 p.a.—£150 p.a. inclusive of rates and electricity hiring charges. Half an hour from King's Cross, in the centre of the most interesting town in England. 'Phone for particulars or write to N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 3456.

TWO lofty and spacious flats to let at Bromley, Kent. First and second floors, 3 and 4 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen and bath. Absolutely modern, attractive gardens. £90 and £140 inc. Apply Box 5874.

NEAR Hampstead Heath. Four rooms with own kitchen and bathroom. Newly decorated. Quiet house. Box 5884.

FURNISHED Studio, good light, vacant Sept.–April. 25*s.* 2/142 Brecknock Road, N.7.